No. 2839
Vol. CCXIX.

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

THE SKETCH
JULY 29, 1953

The Sketch

2/- Fortnightly

By Appointment Purveyors of Champagne to the Late King George VI

Moët & Chandon
CHAMPAGNE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743
Dry Imperial Vintage | Coronation Cuvée Vintage 1943 | Première Cuvée Non Vintage

Jacqmar
Fashion's First Fabric
16 GROSVENOR STREET W.1

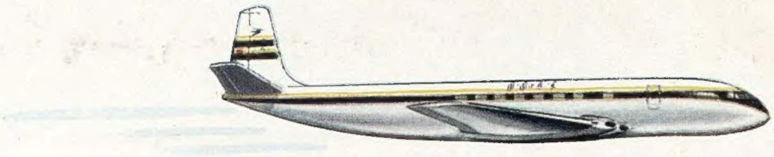
PARIPAN
ENAMEL
"The more you wash it, the better it looks."
BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.
PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

SKETCH SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including Christmas Number)
Twelve Months . . Inland & Overseas £3 : 0 : 0 . . Canada £2 : 19 : 0
Six Months . . . " " " £1 : 12 : 0 . . " £1 : 11 : 6
(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)

HE'S POLLYTECHNICAL
He can tell you all the reasons why
'POLLY' gives a liveliness to "Scotch"
Apollinaris
Natural Sparkling Water — bottled at the Spring.

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., Ltd., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



Your "next day" neighbour...

Over 27,000 passengers have flown by B.O.A.C. *Comet* jetliner since the world's first service was inaugurated 2nd May last year. Ask any one of them about this miracle of effortless flight . . . about the comfort and quiet as you cruise eight miles a minute . . . the lack of vibration and absence of travel fatigue. Then you will understand why B.O.A.C. is miles ahead in air travel. And why your next flight to South Africa, the Middle East, the Far East or Japan must be by B.O.A.C. *Comet* jetliner. No other airline flies so far so fast . . .

Consult your local B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2323); 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAYfair 6611) or offices in Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Liverpool.

**105 MILLION PASSENGER MILES AHEAD
IN COMET JETLINER EXPERIENCE**

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

Quality Furniture has

BRITISH LEATHER

UPHOLSTERY

For long life and comfort there's nothing like leather

"I'm terribly smooth"

SAYS THE MOSCOW MULE

Here's the most refreshing of all drinks—a cool satisfying thirst-quencher that acts like a tonic. You'll find a *Moscow Mule* the smoothest, most exciting drink you've ever tasted. If you are a party giver, the *Moscow Mule* will prove your staunchest ally.

RECIPE FOR MOSCOW MULE

1 measure of Smirnoff Vodka. Juice of ½ Lime or ¼ Lemon. Add ice and fill up with Schweppes Ginger Beer. Garnish with Lime or Lemon and stir gently.

Ask for a Moscow Mule at any smart club, bar or restaurant.

made with

WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1818

Smirnoff ...the greatest name in VODKA

Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls. Ltd., Oval Road, London, N.W.1
Sole Distributors in U.K.—W. & A. Gilbey Ltd

King in its own Realm

Well merited by its Quality Unsurpassed

"King George IV"

Old Scotch Whisky

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS FIXED BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LTD · EDINBURGH

★ *Send for Price List and Wrapper for easy posting*

Are you Moving? ?????????

HOULTS LIMITED

are Specialists in

REMOVALS & STORAGE

of Household and Personal Effects

A Countrywide Service

LONDON OFFICE

THE DEPOSITORIES
CHASE ROAD, SOUTHGATE, N.14
Tel. PALmers Green 1167
Also at: NEWCASTLE, CARLISLE & GLASGOW.

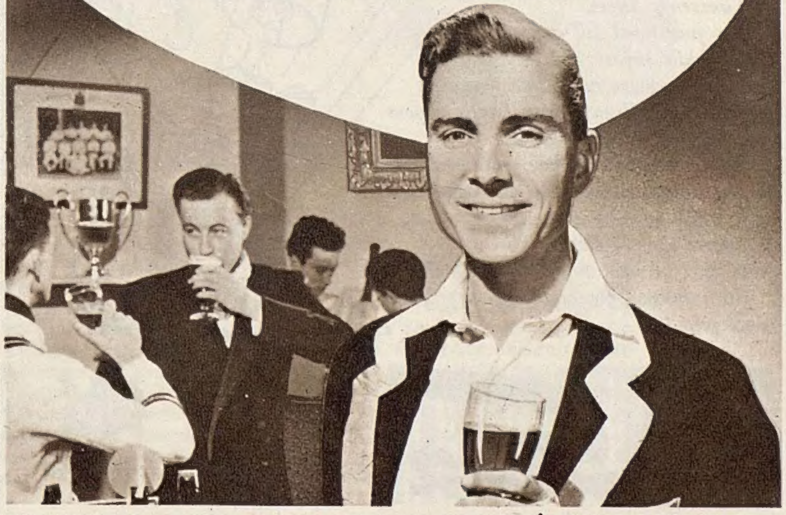
Our Club Secretary knows his job

There's always a cool bottle of Whitbread waiting for you after a day spent fielding in the sun. I wonder why Whitbread's Pale Ale is always so good—every bottle exactly the same high level of perfection. Someone was saying it's because they do all their own bottling. Anyway, I know one thing. I'd rather pay a little more and be absolutely certain of the best.

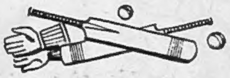
Our Club Members say—

the best of the light ales is a

WHITBREAD



WHITBREAD & CO. LTD. 27 BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON WC1



Some prefer cricket . . .

. . . others, croquet

BUT WHEREVER FINE CIGARETTES ARE APPRECIATED . . .
SMOKERS PREFER

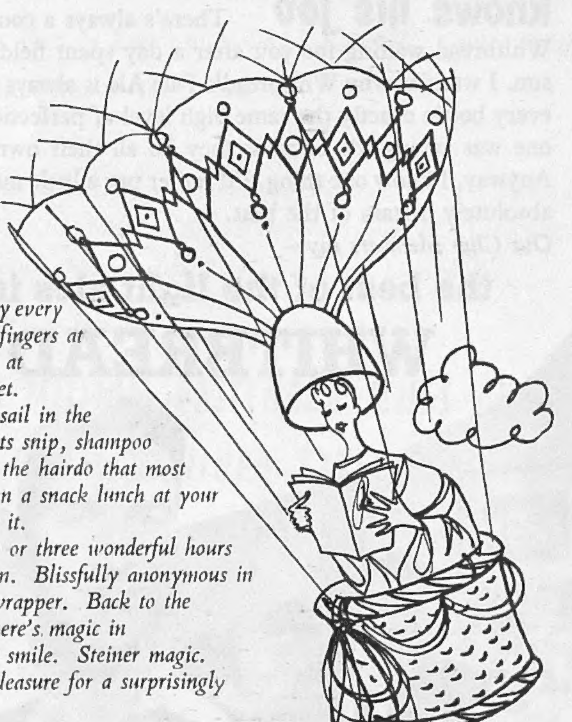
STATE EXPRESS 555

The Best Cigarettes in the World—

BY APPOINTMENT ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD. STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

The House of STATE EXPRESS. 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

You're in another world now . .



Too much Everyday every day? Snap your fingers at life and relax . . . at 66 Grosvenor Street.

Let your mind sail in the clouds while experts snip, shampoo and set to achieve the hairdo that most becomes you. Even a snack lunch at your elbow if you want it.

Spend one, two or three wonderful hours in the Steiner salon. Blissfully anonymous in your white satin wrapper. Back to the big world again there's magic in your hair, in your smile. Steiner magic.

Such unusual pleasure for a surprisingly usual price!

Steiner

By Appointment Hairdressers and Perfumers

66 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1. MAYfair 5245/6/7

Sharps

the word for Toffee

Edward Sharp & Sons Ltd "The Toffee Specialists" of Maidstone

Makers of Super-Kreem and Kreemy Toffees, the toffees with the "Kreemy" texture.

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1953

Photographed by Derek Allen.

BALLET RAMBERT RETURNS

Tiny, Birmingham-born Noreen Sopwith (*above*), Ballet Rambert's "pocket ballerina," will dance all the principal classic rôles in the company's two-weeks season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre which begins on August 3rd. There is a programme of twelve ballets, including the popular *Winter Night*, the well-loved classics, *Les Sylphides* and *Giselle*, and *Plaisance*, the gay young ballet presented to Mme. Rambert by Walter Gore in 1947 to mark the company's twenty-first anniversary. The Ballet Rambert has nursed countless stars to fame and given the public some of the loveliest of modern ballets. Alicia Markova and Frederick Ashton were two of the company's earliest members. Others followed, and no one could forget Sally Gilmour in *Lady Into Fox*, Walter Gore in *Bar Aux Folies Bergères*, and Paula Hinton, Annette Chappell, and many others in Walton's wonderfully light-hearted *Façade*. For her work on behalf of British ballet, Marie Rambert was awarded the C.B.E. in the Coronation Honours List—a fitting tribute to the tireless and imaginative guidance brought to her profession by this quiet, dignified little person whose name is synonymous with all that is best in ballet.

THE BATHING BEACH. By Robert Greenham, R.O.I., R.B.A.
Sunshades, straw hats and deck chairs, children playing on the sands, climbing rocks, paddling in warm, mysterious pools, water sparkling in the sunlight—August Bank Holiday the way it used to be, the way we always hope it will be again. Robert Greenham's fresh and lovely beach scene captures the timeless, indolent atmosphere that we associate with the seaside.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

EVEN in an age of versatile giants like his old friend Sir Winston Churchill, Hilaire Belloc's versatility has been amazing, extending from being an artillery driver in the French Army to a historian, and from being an authority on military affairs to being the greatest writer of light verse of our age. I think I can claim to know virtually all the Cautionary Tales, and most of the poems about peers by heart. And in my gloomiest moments I have found it refreshing to think on some delicious Bellocian understatement such as occurs in the sad story of Jim, who ran away from his nurse at the Zoo and was eaten by a lion. Do you remember ?

Now just imagine how it feels
When first your toes and then your heels,
And then by gradual degrees
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees
Are slowly eaten bit by bit.
No wonder Jim detested it.
No wonder that he shouted " Hi ! "
The honest keeper heard his cry,
Though very fat, he almost ran,
To help the little gentleman.

Who could better the choice of that word " detested " ?

As I say, the Prime Minister and Hilaire Belloc were friends for more than half a century. The story is told that on one occasion they combined to buy a vast cask from Médoc, which was put in the cellars at Chartwell. After a suitable interval they decided to bottle the wine and divide it between them. Bottling is a heady business, especially if it is necessary to take samples from time to time. After a while, the two friends started to sing snatches and catches in English and French. They were interrupted by the butler appearing at the top of the cellar steps and saying : " The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lady Davidson have called, sir." I regret (regret, my foot, I am delighted !) to record that the poet and the statesman thereupon made up an impromptu little song which began : " Cantuar can go to hell, Cantuar can go to hell," to the tune of " Here we go gathering nuts in May." Alas, their voices carried well, and the next thing which was heard was the indignant crunch of archiepiscopal carriage-wheels in the drive—the indignation, no doubt, being mainly inspired by the theological impossibility of the statement. Well—*si non è vero . . .* !

Some of the happiest meals of my life were the regular lunches which a group of friends and I, most of us just down from Oxford, very young and very broke, used to have daily at the old Temple Bar Restaurant. The " Stammtisch " was usually presided over by Hilaire Belloc, then at the height of his conversational powers, or in his absence, by Sir John Squire. Other regulars, if I recall, were John Boyd-Carpenter, already an ardent politician, Derek Walker-Smith, now chairman of the 1922 Committee, Lionel Hale and John Connell. One of the most admirable cracks, which I am sure he will not mind my telling, was made about our mutual friend John Betjeman. We were discussing John, when somebody

said: "It is a curious name. Is it Dutch?" To which Philip Farrer replied: "Yes, of course. John's ancestors came over with William of Orange. They travelled steerage."

THE combined efforts of Sir Winston Churchill and the admirable Sir Ernest Gowers have apparently done little to curb the exuberance of the Whitehall jargoneers. A group of Ministers at dinner the other night were bewailing some of the drafts of letters and answers to questions which they were expected to approve. One had been solemnly asked to say that he was unable to consider the case of a certain gentleman as he "had been temporarily deprived of his civil liberty by the action of another Department"—in the simplest English, the man was in jug!

Another was asked to reply that a suggestion for a road sign was interesting, but would "imperil the integrity of the white line"—if you have any idea what that can mean.

That same evening, we were discussing which was the oldest dining club. A friend, needless to say a Cornishman, advanced the claims of the Cornish Club, which was founded in 1768, and now meets in London. I must confess that on the face of it it looks as if the claim should succeed. Probably the most remarkable club was that which existed between the wars, which only had one dinner and entertained only one guest a year. This guest was chosen by the club as being the biggest so-and-so and the biggest bore in the country. The guest was given a magnificent dinner, every courtesy and every attention was lavished on him and he went away on top of the world. The joy of it was that, being a bore, he could usually never resist the temptation of telling his friends that he had been the guest of honour at such an exclusive club! One distinguished knight, who still bores for England, was, I believe, invited two years running!

I AM always delighted to be privileged, from time to time, to be allowed a glimpse of the world of female fashion and its allied trades. It seems to me, from my stolid masculine point of view—I can hardly tell a *boutique* from a shop—to be peopled with strange and delightful beings I never encounter at other times. I was happy, therefore, to be invited to a party the other day to meet that excellent and charming business-woman, Miss Elizabeth Arden, who has done so much to bring joy to the hearts, and beauty to the faces of her own sex. I was even better pleased—O, frabjous day, calooh, callay—to meet a charming young lady who told me that she was there as the representative of the Fragrance Bureau. In order to keep my tender young illusions intact, I refused to enquire what this splendid organisation could be. May it flourish and may all the perfumes of Arabia hover round its enigmatic activities!

Another young lady of equal charm produced for me at the same party a remark which I shall also clutch to me. She, it seems, was interested in a special type of non-fattening bread, the claims of which indeed as a slimming agent she advanced with proselytising zeal. When I expressed scepticism as to whether it could really achieve miracles with the O'Brien figure, she looked at me earnestly, and said: "But you *should* try it, Toby. They fed fish on nothing else, and *they* never got any fatter"—a *non sequitur* of which I had not believed even the female sex to be capable. (Or, horrible thought, was it really a *non sequitur*, and does she regard O'Brien as just a poor fish!)

BUSHY: by Hargrave

"I've called to read the meter."

MR. WILLIAM KEARY, who owns the Empire State Building in New York, gave an agreeable party the other day in the new Penthouse suite at the Dorchester—I suppose on the principle that if you own and work in the highest structure in the world, you want to get as high as you can, even if it is a mere eight stories as opposed to the 102 to which you have been accustomed. It provided me with a pleasant opportunity of seeing this new and much-talked-about suite, which was designed by Oliver Messel. I must say that it lived up to my expectations, being splendidly rococo, and I sternly resisted a childish temptation to break bits off the decoration to see if they were edible. Mr. Keary, a pleasant, soft-spoken Irish-American, was more than able to satisfy my passion of probably useless statistics. I was delighted, therefore, to find that the Eiffel Tower is, as my infants would say, a "tichy little thing" of only 904 ft., compared with the Empire State's 1472; that there are more than 17,000,000 ft. of telephone and telegraph wires in it and, better still, that no one has even counted the number of rooms, owing to the fact that internal alterations are taking place continuously. Further, when it snows, owing to warm upward currents from the streets below, snow "falls" upward on the Empire State, and that it once rained malt barley on workmen working on the tower at a time when there were no aircraft in the sky. I am told that no one has ever explained this phenomenon — and I sincerely hope that no one ever will.

THE Kremlin's new policy of cautious fraternisation may in the end, if it is carried to any great extent, cause a revolution in British habits of social entertainment. A highly-placed Civil Servant tells me that he was delighted to meet his two Russian colleagues, alone and unattended by "interpreters," at an official reception held recently for the delegates to an international conference. But he immediately perceived that something was wrong. The Russians were standing gloomily by the bar, empty (and tiny) cocktail glasses engulfed in their massive paws. My friend asked if they were enjoying their drinks. They shook their heads.

"No K-ee-ck," they announced.

Various suggestions were made to them, ending with whisky, at which they brightened.

"Yes. We take wh-ee-sk."

Generous (by British standards) measures were poured into tumblers by the barman, who enquired whether the Russians would take water or soda?

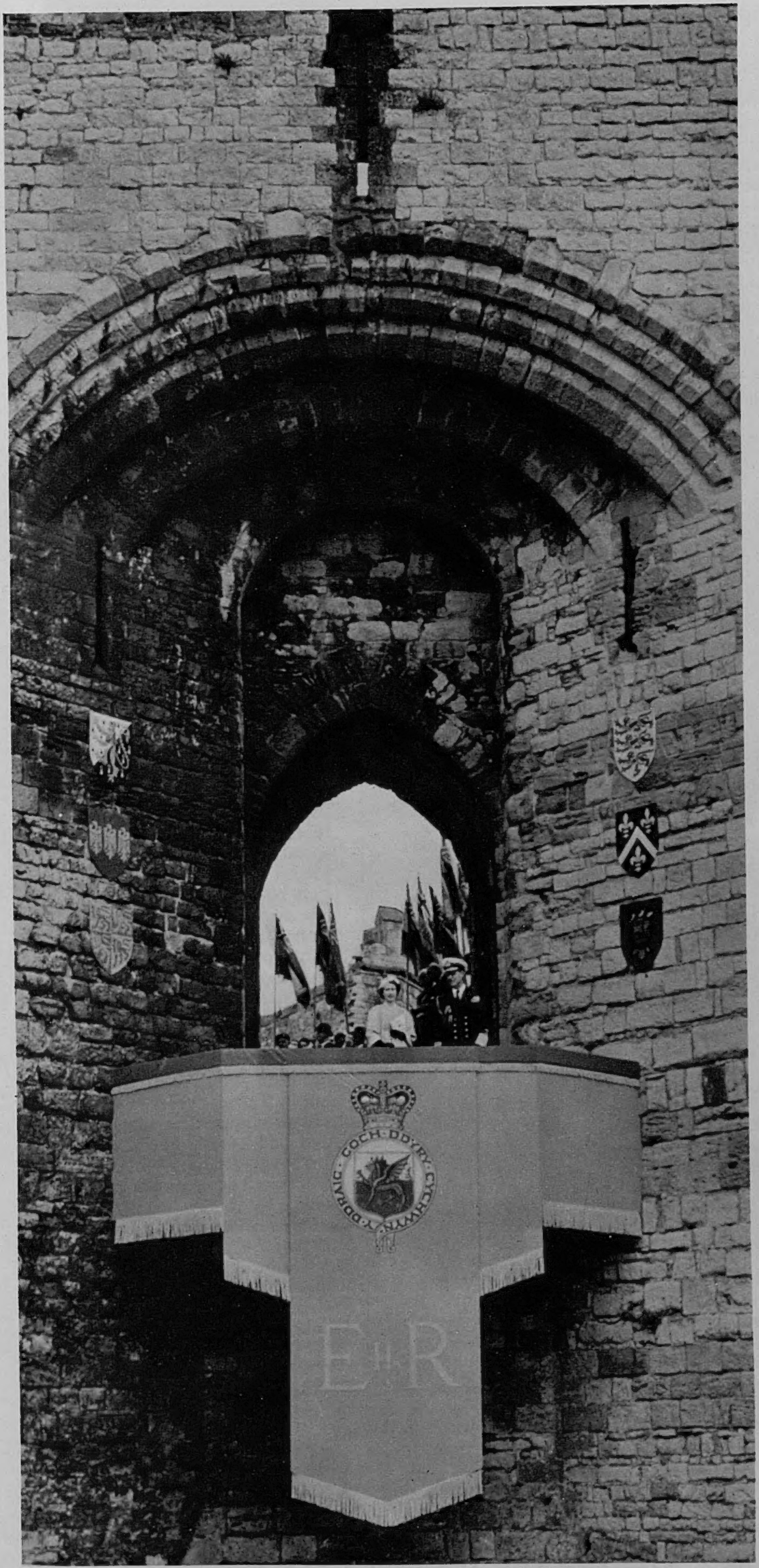
Again they shook their heads. With tumblers outstretched, they chorused:

"More wh-ee-sk."

With admiration gleaming in his eye, the barman filled up their glasses. As a beginning, the Russians conceded, this was not so bad, but several repetitions of this astounding potion did not succeed in making them feel "fr-ee-sk."

I AM one of those who like to wear a stock with a morning coat, though I make a private agreement with myself that if it does not come right at first tying, I abandon it. At a social function recently, I met Frank Berendt and his lady, at which psychological moment my collar became undone, with disastrous effects on my stock. Frank noticing this, said: "We shall leave you to your confusion." To which I could not resist replying: "Ah, I see. Rats deserting the sinking slip!"

The Royal



From a temporary balcony erected at Queen Eleanor's Gate in Caernarvon Castle, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh greet the large crowds gathered below.

The Bardic Procession entering the Rhyl National Eisteddfod Pavilion before the Queen's arrival. Behind the Sword Bearer, *left*, is the Arch Druid. Eight thousand people in a giant marquee greeted her Majesty with a new Welsh anthem.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Caernarvon Castle with the Lord Harlech and the Home Secretary and Minister for Welsh Affairs, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe.

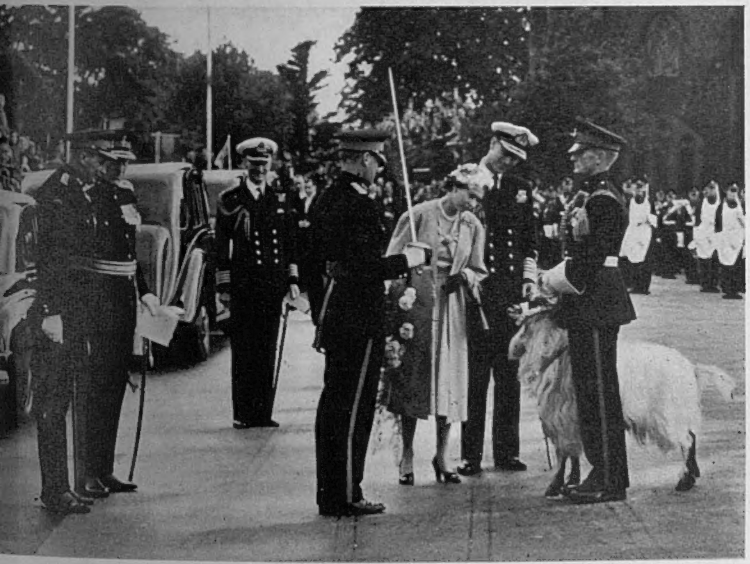
THE STATE VISIT TO WALES

On July 10th the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left Llangollen, the last town to be honoured by Royalty during the two-day State visit to Wales, with the voices of a 20,000-strong chorus ringing in their ears. The Royal couple had been greeted in traditional style with a new hymn by Elfed (Dr. Elvet Lewis), the ninety-three-year-old blind bard and hymnologist, and Mr. W. S. Gwyn Williams, Music Master of the Gorsedd. This is the first Welsh anthem ever to be written for a Sovereign and will probably be sung on all State occasions in Wales in future. Throughout the whole tour the Queen

Programme

The Royal Standard flies for the first Queen Regnant to enter Caernarvon Castle since Edward I. built it.

With Councillor Arthur Brown, chairman of the Pontypridd Urban District Council, the Queen smiles delightedly as the crowds sing *Land of My Fathers*.



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, inspecting the guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers, see again the goat mascot her Majesty presented to the Regiment.

Two Welsh women in traditional costume lead a chorus of children and adults as they await the arrival of the Royal party at Caernarvon Castle.

received this same tremendous welcome wherever she went, and the previous day her Majesty had heard the famous old anthem, *Land of My Fathers*, sung with deep emotion by the people of Pontypridd, for it was there that Evan and James James, father and son, wrote and composed this fine work a hundred years ago. The State visit included Newport, Cardiff, Pontypridd, Hirwaun, Swansea and Llanelly on the first day, and Caernarvon, Rhyl, Wrexham and Llangollen on the second. Everywhere the Royal party went, crowds lined the streets; in the Rhondda Valley, miners with coal-streaked faces left the pits to greet the Royal couple, and in the hills beyond Maerdy, her Majesty spoke to shepherds who had ridden miles to see her. It was a happy visit for the Queen, and for Wales it was a memorable one.

The house and grounds are illuminated as guests dance on the lawn to the music of a rhumba band at the Hurlingham Club's annual ball, traditionally held on the first night of the Eton v. Harrow cricket match.

It 's a conga, and this group of enthusiasts are determined not to break the chain, as they wend their way through the chairs and tables on the lawn outside the Club.

The Hurlingham Club Ball

The beautiful club building and grounds of the Hurlingham Club were illuminated on July 10th for the annual ball, which is traditionally held on the first night of the Eton v. Harrow cricket match. Guests came from far and wide to be present at this ever-popular ball, which is one of the notable events in the social calendar every season. Music was provided by Geraldo's Embassy and rhumba bands, and guests danced from 10 p.m. until 3 a.m., with a break to watch a magnificent firework display at 11 p.m.

Six who were attracted to the cocktail bar for refreshments during the dancing, included Miss Valerie Hilton-Sergent, Miss Caroline Dawson, Miss Alison Keen, Mr. Richard Strong, Mr. Kenneth Bradshaw and Mr. Brian Higgs.

Six who gathered together for sup are, *l. to r.* : Mr. R. B. Wynne-Hug Pickett, Miss I. Sloup

A gay group gathered together in one corner of the lounge included Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Cavanagh, Mr. and Mrs. Colclough, Mr. Michael O'Connor, Miss Newell Watson, Mr. Desmond Jacques and Miss de Stefani.

While the rhumba band takes a rest, Mr. J. de Fitzwilliam and Mr. R. Hunting perform for Miss I. Meredith and Miss P. Grierson.

Chatting, *l. to r.*: Miss Pamela Kaye, Mr. William Gunnery, Miss Prue Bamach, Mr. Anthony Rye and Mrs. D. K. Gunnery.

A happy party having supper together here includes Lieut.- Colonel P. L. Birkin, Miss Kay Clipshaw, Madame F. Brulle, Mr. I. A. Brigham and Captain and Mrs. R. S. MacKenzie.

Fireworks streak across the sky in a display timed for 11 p.m., in the grounds of the Hurlingham Club, as guests crowd out on the lawns to watch.

in the prettily-decorated dining-room Miss Christina O'Callaghan, Mr. R. J. Mr. P. Pavasi and Mrs. Pickett.

And five who gathered together during a respite from the dancing are, *l. to r.*: Lady J. Corry, Miss Jenny Richards, Mr. Roy Weir, Miss Wanda Johnson and Mr. Keith Pholsom, chatting in a corner of the lounge.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IT might appear from the habits of editors and reviewers that children's books are only published or read at Christmas time. Yet the summer holidays must see as much reading, by and large, as the winter ones. I can remember meeting Dr. Fu-Manchu in a cherry-tree laden with ripe whitehearts and devouring him and them together, and later making the acquaintance of the Trumpet Major on the downs near Beachy Head on a long-ago holiday afternoon.

I do not see why modern taste should have changed. I believe that children love a story in sunlight as much as by candlelight. So here is a collection of some new books for them in their summer holidays.

I start with those for the smallest children and notice that they are rightfully and properly the largest in area and the gayest in colour. The two best of them are by a man who appears among writers for children for the first time, William Sansom. They are *The Light that Went Out* and *It was Really Charlie's Castle*. They are both published by the Hogarth Press at 3s. 6d. each, and both most happily illustrated by Eric Hobbs. I like the second particularly—the story of how Peter and Poppy saved the life of a seal called Charlie, whose flipper was caught in a lobster-pot, and afterwards won the sand-castle competition with his help.

Miss Dorothy Craigie illustrated two delightful children's books by Mr. Graham Greene and now writes and illustrates her own, *The Little Balloon* (Parrish; 7s. 6d.). It is charming. So is *The Binklebys on the Farm*, by Ursula Moray Williams (Harrap; 6s.), the story of a plumber with ten children who wins a football pool and buys a farm and finds adventure and misadventure for himself and his wife and his brood.

The boys' adventure stories of G. A. Henty, though they have never ceased to be read, have not been reprinted for many years, and it is good to see them appearing again in fresh livery. Three more old favourites have been added to those recently published, *With Wolfe in Canada*, *Redskin and Cowboy* and *Cornet of Horse* (Latimer House; 6s. each). They do not lose their appeal. They are free from the maudlin sentimentality of so many pseudo-religious boys' books of their age, and have a healthy adventurousness about them. Moreover, their author took great trouble to make them authentic and informative. He wrote more than eighty boys' books before his death fifty years ago, and has had no successor since then.

I have to check what must be a mere personal prejudice in order to recommend another adventure story, *Peril in the Pennines*, by Winifred Finlay (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). It is an attractive tale which will please and interest young readers, but it contains one of those tiresome literary portraits of a gypsy which suggest Borrow and the reference library rather than the tent and wood fire. He is called Faa, and uses stock Romany words and does romantic fortune-telling and so on. But it is probably only for me that he spoils a thrilling and well-told story.

The next five books take us to far places, to Switzerland, Denmark, Greenland, Sweden and the Hebrides. *Holiday Exchange*, by Virginia Pye (Faber; 9s. 6d.), re-introduces the Price family to a large circle of friends. They are sensible and credible young people, neither prigs nor buffoons and one likes them at once. Alan is the hero of this story, since it is he who manages to take his sister Susan and her friend Joanna to Switzerland, where they and the reader enjoy themselves. *We Go to Denmark*, by Mary Dunne (Harrap; 8s. 6d.), has a similar idea as basis, for in this Jane, who in previous books in this series has visited Paris and Belgium, now goes under a school exchange scheme to Denmark. The convention of a story is maintained, but the author is more concerned with topography and history than with a plot, and succeeds in conveying much useful information. Here is her description of the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. "Imagine all the best Fun Fairs you have ever seen rolled into one, plus a lake lit with coloured lights all round which you can row yourself about on, an open-air theatre, a dance-floor, several restaurants, a fountain which changes colour every minute, sweet-stalls, fireworks and music all the time, and then perhaps you can begin to picture the fascination of the Tivoli." And here is her account of the house of Hans Andersen at Odense. "The moment you get inside the house, with its minute rooms opening out of each other, you know you 've struck the right place, because every wall is covered with pictures of the great writer, and letters to him from many famous people, such as Charles Dickens and Jenny Lind, the Swedish singer. There are some of the delicate scissor-cuts that he used to make to amuse children, and numbers of personal relics—his desk, his long stove-pipe top-hat, with its case, his umbrella, and some of the luggage he used to take on his travels all over the world, including a long rope that he could use in case of fire, of which he had a lifelong terror."

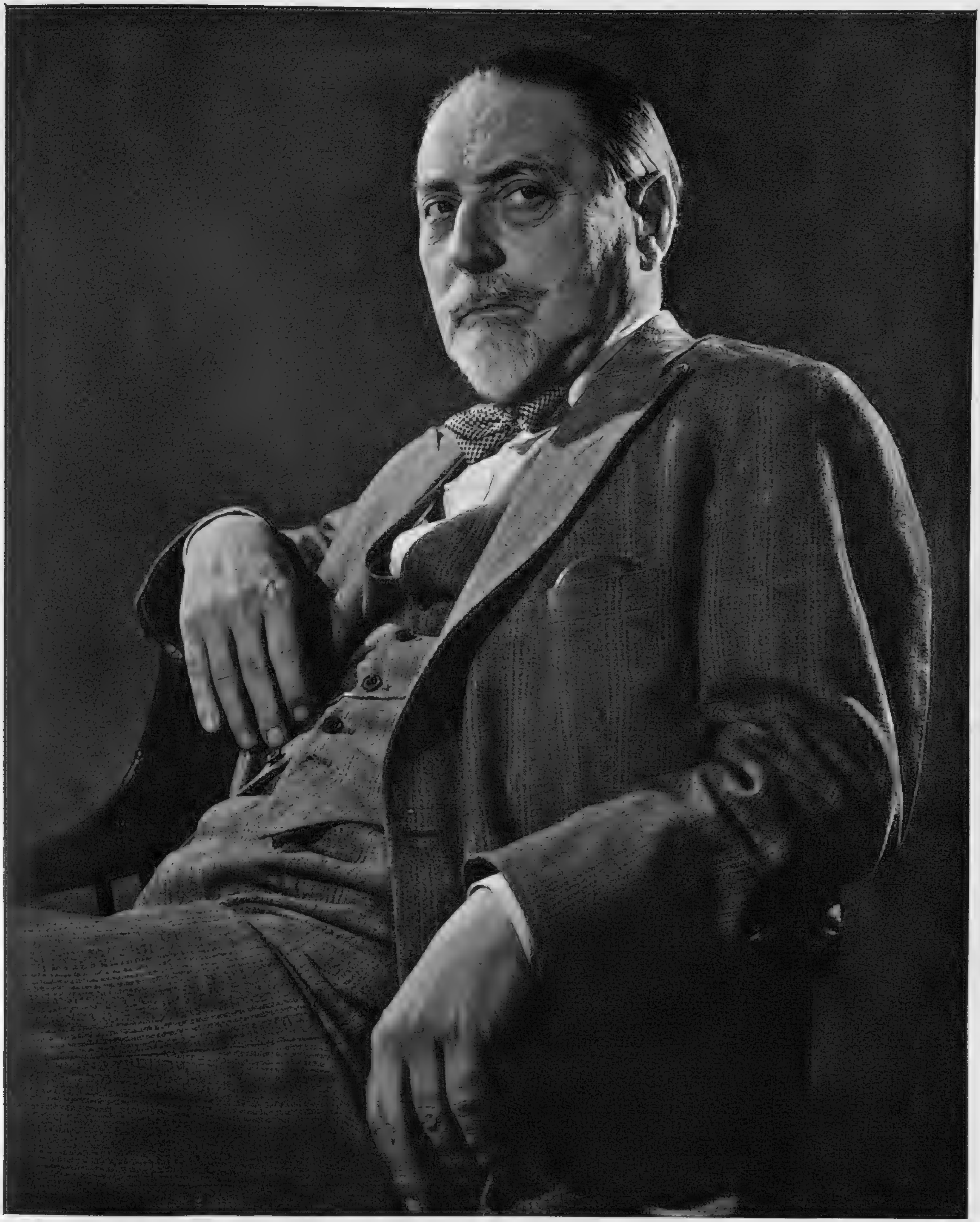
Eskimo Boy, by Pipaluk Freuchen (Harrap; 4s. 6d.), would be my choice as a present to any child who likes to know how the other half of the world lives. It tells how Ivik sees his father killed in a fight with a walrus and then takes his place as head of the family. It is full of incident and local colour. In *Fairy Tales from Sweden*, by Irma Kaplan (Muller; 10s. 6d.), ten old folk-tales are collected. Here are the traditional characters and incidents, signs and wonders, with the authentic background of forest or king's palace. Here are trolls, the wood-witch Huldran, the sea-witch who drags her victims down in the depths, fairies among whom is the tiny, shy old man Tomten, with the red hood, who has become identified with Father Christmas. We meet poor wood-cutters, beautiful princesses, fishermen, cruel stepmothers, dwarfs and sea-queens, and return to the true land of fairy-tales.

In *Greeka: Eagle of the Hebrides*, by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), the author succeeds in conveying a great deal of carefully observed natural history while telling an exciting story. A naturalist called Neil McCulloch, who lives on the Isle of Skye, is made the observer of many curious and exciting events in the life of a golden eagle.

Finally a "teach yourself" book of which I am qualified to say nothing more than that it *looks* good and is one of a valuable series. It is *Knitting for Girls*, by Isabel Horner (English Universities Press; 7s. 6d.).

Drawn by Peter Arno. Courtesy: Robert Hale.

You mean the Three Bears raised all that stink over a bowl of breakfast food?



Personality Parade—3

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Jitendra Arya.

Compton Mackenzie once told us that he grew his beard in order to become a Grand Old Man, but at seventy that is a fate which still successfully eludes him. He is assuredly one of the young in heart—a remarkable mixture of likes and achievements. We know that he loves islands, that he believes—like the late Axel Munthe—in fairies, that he invariably finishes *The Times* crossword in under one hour, that he loves to mimic his friends and acquaintances with fiendish ability but no real malice—and that he does not, as has sometimes been suggested, write to a background of gramophone music! We know, too, of his erudition, and of his familiarity with subjects as diverse as horticulture and Greek history. He could look back on forty-five years of successful writing: instead, he looks forward—from a pinnacle among living English novelists shared only by W. Somerset Maugham.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND
by Lucy Kemp-Welch, R.I.

CHIMPANZEES
by Raymond Sheppard, R.I.

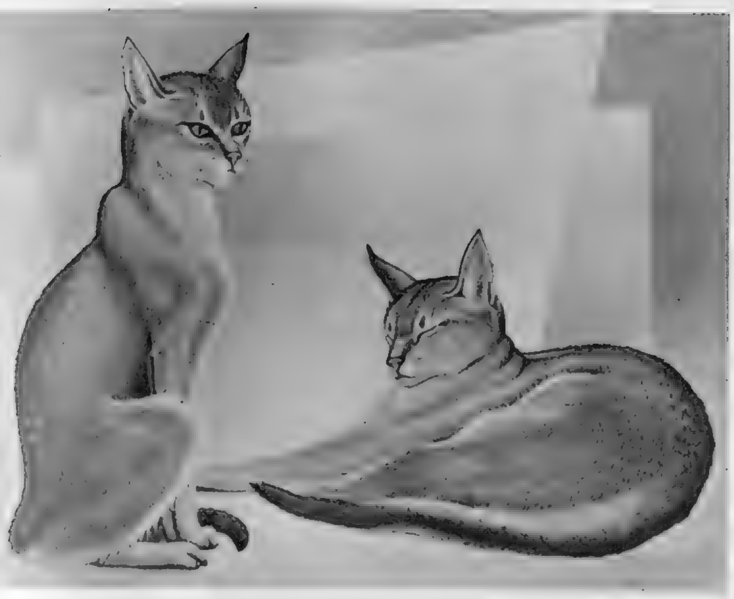
DAYS OF LEISURE
by Winifred Austen, R.I., R.E.

THE END OF THE GAME
by Marguerite Frobisher, R.C.A.

TAWNY OWL
by Neave Parker.

Animals in General . . .

The exhibition of paintings, drawings and engravings by artists who specialise in animal paintings, held at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street from July 6th to 24th, drew many animal and bird-lovers as well as the normal art gallery visitors. There were some very fine water-colours by Winifred Austen, Lucy Kemp-Welch and Raymond Sheppard. Mr. Sheppard also exhibited some delightful pastels, as did Marguerite Frobisher, one of whose very pleasant oils, *The End of the Game*, is reproduced above. Denys W. Ovenden supplied some fine drawings and lithographs, and a very lovely gouache, *Widgeon Drakes*. Neave Parker's *Tawny Owl* (left), is his original illustration to *The Grey Fishermen*, and was exhibited and is reproduced here by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. P. R. Gawthorn Ltd.



TWO STUDIES OF CHLOE
by Marjory Rogers Donaldson.

BLACK CAT
by Henriette Ronner.

APRIL'S KITTEN
by Clare Turlay Newberry.

CHILD'S NIGHTLIGHT
Ceramic figure by Pamela Nash.

. . . and Cats in Particular

The cat show at the R.W.S. Gallery in Conduit Street, from July 14th to 24th, was one of the most interesting of its kind ever held in this country. In the 300 exhibits, there were cats of every breed and age in bronze, wood, china, jade, ivory, agate and even gold. There were cats in silk, cats in finest needlework, and cats painted and drawn and etched. The exhibition, *Cats Through the Ages*, was assembled by owners of Abyssinian cats, the oldest domestic breed, and illustrated the story of the cat as seen through the eyes of artists from 2000 B.C. to the present day. Many well-known personalities lent exhibits, including Miss Margot Fonteyn, Lady Aberconway, Lady Welby, the Countess of Liverpool, the Count de Belleroche, Mr. James Mason and Mr. Ronald Searle.

CHILD WITH A CAT
by Berthe Morisot.

Miss Jill Van den Bergh with her mother and her brother Peter.

JOINT PARTY

Miss Jill Van den Bergh, pretty débutante daughter of Mr. James Van den Bergh, of Nether Walstead, Lindfield, shared her coming-out party on July 17th with her brother Peter, who was celebrating his twenty-first birthday. Guests came from far and wide, including twenty-five-year-old Paul Roth, of Antwerp, who left his office at 7 p.m. to fly to London, changing into evening dress in the air, and motoring from London Airport to Lindfield for the party.

Guests sit on the floor to watch the dancing in one of the two marquees, where an excellent cabaret was provided. Later, older guests had a sit-down supper in the lounge while the younger element stood around the drawing-room buffet and helped themselves. Cocktails were served in a second marquee.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Miss Elizabeth Wimble, Mr. Martin Reed and Miss Jane Farmer were among the 250 guests at this lovely old eighteenth-century Sussex farmhouse.

Mr. Ivor Blomfield and Miss Susan Barthorp chatting together on the lawn outside one of the marquees where dancing was in progress.

Mr. Julian Watson, Miss Julia Royds, Mr. Jonathan Ropner and his fiancée, Miss Avril Peate, Miss Joan Murphy and Mr. Charles Hardy warm their hands at one of the braziers on the lawn.

RECENTLY ENGAGED

The engagement was announced on Saturday, July 18th, of Lord Monckton, 9th Viscount Galway, and the Hon. Teresa Fox-Strangways, daughter of Lord Stavordale of Evershot, Dorset, and granddaughter of the Earl of Ilchester. Lord Monckton, who is a nephew of Baron Annaly, is twenty-three ; he was educated at Eton, and is now a Lieutenant in the Life Guards. His fiancée will have her twenty-first birthday next month. The young couple are pictured strolling in the grounds of Serlby Hall, Bawtry, Yorkshire, where Lord Monckton lives with his mother, Viscountess Galway.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

King Lear

(*Stratford-upon-Avon*)

IT is seven years since I began a review with the words: "When I came first to the theatre I believed obediently that Lear was unplayable, a bourn from which no actor could return in triumph." Charles Lamb was to blame. The last two decades have shown how monstrously wrong he was—though it is hard to be so ungrateful to the most endearing essayist in our tongue.

When I wrote about *Lear* in 1946, we had just had Olivier's. Since then we have had another performance by William Devlin; an Old Vic revival; new versions by Gielgud and Wolfit; and now—at Stratford—Michael Redgrave's first attack on a part that is still regarded as an actor's Everest (even if Macbeth is the more awkward problem and Hamlet the more rewarding one). I will keep here to a single comparison. Randle Ayrton, who for me remains the noblest Stratford Lear—he played the part for both Bridges-Adams and Komisarjevsky—managed, in spite of his lack of stature and his gritty voice, to give a performance that often overwhelmed. Ayrton had the gift of simplicity. His Lear was plain and lucid, never a gesture too much, an effect forced. When Lear was "cut to the brains" we knew that it was so; and his pathos was not manufactured; heart spoke to heart.

I linger with Ayrton because, although other Lears have been more majestic, few have begun to match that extraordinary directness. Michael Redgrave, a much younger man than Ayrton, is now giving a very clever, very elaborate study in which (I speak for myself) one is still too conscious of the elaboration, of the actor as he works up this passage or that, but fails to "get across" the ideal Lear that is in his mind. Let me put it in this way. Throughout the première I felt that, within Mr. Redgrave, there was a Lear struggling to get out. In course of time it will. I never believe that this player is at his best during the first few weeks of a run. His performances are never set rigidly. They must have time to grow; Mr. Redgrave must select and discard. With Lear, as with so much of his work, he has the intellectual measure of the part, but as yet he is cold. One can listen to him unmoved, even during the pronouncement of the Curse, or when he shakes Goneril at "I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad." Still, the character develops with the night. Quite suddenly, during the colloquy with blinded Gloucester after his entrance crowned with "rank fumiter and furrow-weed," Redgrave shows to us what his Lear will be. For a moment it is as if the wall were pierced, as if we were with Lear himself; then, again, we must look on detached.

The production, as a whole, is an odd blend of simplicity and fussiness. George Devine keeps the stage clear, but Robert Colquhoun's adaptable monolith and abstract backcloths seem to me to lack any kind of grandeur. Two players had the expected glow: Harry Andrews as Kent, man of constancy—Mr. Andrews has long been a Stratford landmark—and Yvonne Mitchell's Cordelia, both gentle and firm. (No young woman in the Drama can have caused so much trouble with a single word.) Others in the cast are serviceable without stamping themselves firmly on the mind. Mr. Devine, determined not to spare us—he uses an ample text—has made the blinding of Gloucester as horrible as I have known it (I confess that, by now, thanks to long training, I know when to stop the ears and avert the gaze). Regan, shortly afterwards, has the horrible line-and-a-half: "Go, thrust him out of gates, and let him smell his way to Dover." Believe it or not, someone behind me—it was a curiously unsophisticated audience at times—repeated the last words with appreciation, observed: "Did you hear that?" and giggled. Yes, giggled.

Diana Wynyard (as the incorrigible Helen of Troy) and Arthur Macrae (as the doorkeeper and Chorus, Etoneus) talk things over in the third act of *The Private Life of Helen* (Globe Theatre). Mr. Macrae has both adapted this from the French—of André Roussin and Madeleine Gray—and produced it in James Bailey's setting.

As Long As They're Happy

(*Garrick*)

I CANNOT remember that anyone quotes *King Lear* during the new Garrick farce, but I may well have missed a line. Vernon Sylvaine has faith in the general knowledge of his audience; he plies us with references of a kind that we do not expect in a hands-across-and-down-the-middle romp. The scene is an opulent house near Regent's Park. There is a pianoforte on one side at which the Crying Crooner will presently sing, "Please Don't Forget to Remember." There is a staircase which the wife will mount, quoting *Hedda Gabler*. There is an entrance from the hall, through which the house-parlourmaid will scuttle now and then, usually to fall prostrate at the crooner's feet. And there is a french window by which a charming, and quite unnecessary, character has his frequent entrances and exits.

What is it all about? . . . Now is that a fair question to ask anyone after a farce? Let me explain, anyway, that Jack Buchanan appears as a stockbroker; that one of his three daughters arrives home suddenly, dressed "like a morbid fisherman," and with a black eye; and that her husband—who is an Existentialist—is in "a very small prison" in Paris. It is only a temporary confinement because, before long, the husband is with us in person, putting on a pair of boots that have been filled with whisky. Who has filled them? Why, the Crying Crooner (he uses an onion), with whom another daughter of the house is in love. The third daughter, married—I believe—to a cowboy—does not get back until later. It does not matter, because, until then, we have plenty to occupy our minds. The business of modern sculpture, for example; the matter of psychiatry; the appearance of one of Fleet Street's less distinguished young men; and, throughout, the icy gibbering—if that is the phrase—of the father of the house, caught in the web tangled by his own remarkable offspring.

It is not always funny—the psychiatrist is a tedious part—but when Mr. Sylvaine does get going, with Mr. Buchanan, David Hutcheson (as the crooner) and Nigel Green (as the Existentialist who yearns for Wimbledon) to abet him, the farce—as all good farces should—goes merrily to sea in a sieve. And Dorothy Dickson, Sally Cooper and Virginia Hewett are around to help us on this crazy voyage.

The Gondoliers

(*Sadler's Wells*)

YES, the D'Oyly Carte company is keeping it up. After various journeys this year to a theatrical Venice, to Shylock's in *The Merchant* and to the conspiratorial *Venice Preserv'd*, it seemed only right to find the gayer Gilbertian Venice of the first act of *The Gondoliers*. And I am happy to report that the performance was buoyant and fresh: "All the year is merry May." Peter Pratt and Fisher Morgan come through best. Mr. Pratt is a mercurial, twinkling grandee (though, by the way, need the Duke speak of "Wezley" and "Wezleyan"?), and Mr. Morgan's Grand Inquisitor has the blandness of cream-cheese: he would be the life-and-soul of the average torture-chamber. Each actor is in excellent voice, and Mr. Pratt proves again how agreeably nimble he is.

We are persuaded that Ann Drummond-Grant could only be a Duchess—and her Grace of Plaza-Toro at that—and the *contadine* are sung by Muriel Harding and Joyce Wright with a quick sparkle. Marco and Giuseppe, supple vocally, are less flexible with the spoken word. There were times during the opera when I called down maledictions upon conventional Savoy-speech; but, generally, it was so beguiling a night that one was content to sit back and to murmur:

Every kind of trouble goes
Where the last year's snows have gone.

His Eminence of England

(*Canterbury*)

HIS EMINENCE is Cardinal Pole, Cardinal of England, who was Archbishop of Canterbury during the last two years of his life (it ended almost immediately after that of Queen Mary I.). History has not done honour to this statesman and humanist; but Hugh Ross Williamson, one feels, has done so in the year's Chapter House play at the Canterbury Festival: a chronicle in prose, at once sensitive and sober, which is as dramatic—and scholarly—a work as the Festival has known. Mr. Williamson has a strong sense of period: *His Eminence* can fix our belief. The players, with Robert Speaight who expresses Pole so warmly, Susan Buret (Queen Mary) and Jennifer White (Elizabeth), added to our appreciation as they moved, in the apt patterns devised by Norman Marshall, on the stage under the east window. It would have been worth going to Canterbury to hear Robert Speaight's memory of the English trees, beginning: "Give me the woods to hide in and the trees for friends."

THE COMPLETE HENRY THE SIXTH

THINK of the end of *Henry the Fifth* as usually heard in the theatre. Henry of England and Katharine of France are united. There is a pious hope of lasting peace: the curtain falls. Think also of the beginning of *Richard the Third*, with Richard of Gloucester coming from the shadows to speak the first soliloquy, "Now is the winter of our discontent."

But what happens between? Shakespeareans know—but few could survive examination—that in the three parts of *Henry the Sixth* the young Shakespeare either wrote a long chronicle-play or touched up an existing one, mainly on the fierce mediæval tournament of the Wars of the Roses. The first part is the weakest. Professors, rashly, have called it unactable. Sir Barry Jackson has now shown that academic criticism is at fault: the whole trilogy is immensely actable. *Part Two* opened at the Birmingham Repertory in 1951; *Part Three* followed last year (it came to the Old Vic as well). And now the whole chronicle, completed by the addition of *Part One* and the war in France, has arrived at the Old Vic in trilogy-form: a magnificent feat.

Under Douglas Seale's direction, and in a triptych-set by Finlay James—the lighting is subtly judged—these players hurtle into action. There is no mumbling, no timorous "forth-and-back" like a bather on a cold day. At once the cast is in at the deep end. We are with them, breasting the flood. Murder, double-crossing, insurrection, civil war: this is the kind of Elizabethan chronicle that omits nothing. The best individual performance is Rosalind Boxall's: her "attack" is remarkable. We shall not forget this Margaret of Anjou, she-wolf of France.

Once names are mentioned, the list can grow like an expanding ladder. Let me keep to a few: to Alan Bridges' Talbot, the terror of the French; to Edgar Wreford, more particularly as Richard ("For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous"); Jack May as the pale King; John Arnatt as the Duke of York; and Nancie Jackson as the Elizabethan libel upon Joan of Arc: she ends as a trapped and mouthing sorceress.

Wisely, Sir Barry has linked the three parts to the other chronicle-plays by letting us hear the last Chorus of *Henry the Fifth* ("Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned king") before *Part One* begins; and, finally, at the end of *Part Three*, allowing Richard of Gloucester to swoop into "Now is the winter of our discontent" before his voice fades away with the falling curtain.

In the first picture on this page, from *Part One*, we see Talbot (Alan Bridges) uttering the lament over his son (John Greenwood): "Poor boy! he smiles, methinks as who should say, 'Had death been French, then death had died to-day.'" In the central picture, *Part Two* is opening with the arrival of Margaret of Anjou at Court as Henry's Queen. From left to right are the Duchess of Gloucester (Nancie Jackson, in foreground), Humphrey of Gloucester (Edgar Wreford, holding document), Cardinal Beaufort (Alfred Burke), Henry the Sixth (Jack May), and Rosalind Boxall (Margaret of Anjou). Finally, in the bottom picture, from *Part Three*, Clarence (Alfred Burke), Warwick (Bernard Hepton), Edward (Alan Bridges) and Richard of Gloucester (Edgar Wreford) mock the dead Clifford (Alan Nunn) upon Towton Field.

J.C.T.

THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD. This delightful painting by Frank Walton (1840-1928) and J. Walter Wilson was lent by Mr. Ralph Dutton for an exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries of paintings showing life in Britain since the first Elizabethan reign. It was accompanied by a key giving the names of the sixty-four persons clearly portrayed. In the centre is the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.), and General Wolseley is the bearded figure in the carriage; immediately above him are Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mme. Adelina Patti.

The Goodwood Setting

by Louis T. Stanley

IT is somehow appropriate that the London Season, which began in May with the opening of the Royal Academy, should draw to a close against the leafy background of Charlton Woods and the Downs, the setting for Goodwood, the loveliest of our racecourses. For many parents the break is welcome. Three months' campaigning to capture the marriage-market with a selling-plate filly is not easy. The programme at least has been varied, but it is only engagements of the open-air kind which concern this column, and their variety have included Epsom, Eton, Ascot, Henley, Lord's, and now the Downs and valleys of Goodwood for what King Edward VII. described as a garden-party with racing tacked on.

Racing at Newmarket is a business; at Goodwood it becomes a leisured pastime. On Trundle Hill the crowd is in holiday mood. Everything and everybody help to soften the blow of losing. Historic facts can be dull, but those linked with Goodwood are not without interest. Here was the scene of a unique hunt. On January 26th, 1738, a dawn meeting at Charlton saw hounds locate an old bitch fox in East Dean Wood shortly before eight o'clock. Ten hours five minutes later, the kill was made a couple of miles north of Arundel.

Those of us who enjoy the racing at Goodwood should raise a glass in memory of the third Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The prototype of the Goodwood Cup took place in the spring of 1801, when the Duke gave permission for members of the Goodwood Hunt and officers of the Sussex militia to run a number of two-mile heats. The following year saw the first public Goodwood race-meeting, when sixteen races were run in three days for £1001 prize-money—a different proposition to the present financial bait, when twenty-four races are worth roughly £29,000 to the winners.

There were several phases in the actual development of the racecourse itself. One of the most remarkable was inaugurated by Lord Cavendish-Bentinck—the peer who won a race at Goodwood in 1824, when the riders wore cocked hats. The last half-mile provided doubtful running in dry weather. Bentinck gave orders for the turf to be covered with several inches of mould topped by turf with the grass downwards, then a layer of soil with a final covering of turf. Nowadays, large-scale constructional alterations can be taken for granted. The miracle of Turnberry reclaiming its golf links from a concrete plain of wartime runways causes little comment; though the result is astonishing. These Goodwood alterations of a century ago were equally revolutionary, for they were carried out without the aid of bulldozers, tractors and other modern mechanical aids.

I do not intend to name the winners of the Stewards' Cup, the Goodwood Stakes, the Goodwood Cup, or the Chesterfield Cup—a cowardly way of avoiding the indignity of selecting four losers. The Stewards' Cup ranks as one of the principal sprint handicaps of the season. First run in 1840 and won by *Epirus* (9 st. 7 lb.) from twenty-one challengers, it has produced many exciting finishes. Those who get impatient at delays should have been there in 1864, when the field of forty was thirty minutes late going to the start, to which was added a further delay of seventy minutes. A lesson in jockeyship was given in 1888 when *Bismarck* held a lead of several lengths. He looked certain to win, but his jockey looked round, the horse swerved, and lost to *Tib* by a head.

The first winner of the Goodwood Stakes in 1823 was *Dandijette.* In 1948 *Auralia* won in 4 minutes 13½ seconds. The Goodwood Cup was first run in 1812, over three miles. *Juvence* was the first French-bred horse to win, in 1853; *Starke*, in 1861, was the first American-bred. One of the finest finishes was in 1929, when *Old Orkney* gained the verdict over *Brown Jack.* The following year *Brown Jack* made amends. In 1937 *Fearless Fox* won in 4 minutes 42 seconds. The Chesterfield Cup may lack a little in popular appeal, but as a handicap it always attracts some of the finest middle-distance horses.

Basrah King Cole, on right with his owner, Mr. F. J. Lockyer, of Pontypool, won first prize in the first four events, but still seems to regard proceedings with a singularly jaundiced eye.

" And so the poor dog had none." Or at least, that 's what he 'd like you to think. That soulful expression took some achieving, but he 's got it right now—you can't teach an old dog a thing.

These shows bore him to tears. Why doesn't everybody go home and get some shut-eye ? He 's absolutely dog-tired !

His next trick will be almost impossible—he 's been practising it for weeks—but obviously nobody could care less. . . .

. . . But what about this happy little chappie ? " The little dog laughed to see such fun "—there 's nothing like an appreciative audience.

SCHIPPERKES ON SHOW

To the uninitiated, they all look alike—little black dogs with earnest expressions. But to the members of the Schipperke-Owners' Club who showed their dogs at the Welsh Services' Hall in Gray's Inn Road on Saturday, July 18th, the differences are easily noticeable. Schipperke is a Belgian name meaning " little skipper," and was given to the breed because they were originally used on Belgian barges. Some of the dogs on show are used on barges on canals here in England, keeping up their old traditions !

Photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Guy Gravett.

A word in your ear, old man. Mean to say you hadn't heard ? But it 's all over the town—I got it from a friend who has a friend. It seems this Man bit this Dog. . . .

A liner at the Customs.

Activity in the Huskisson dock.

Cranes—familiar setting of the dockyards.

A lunchtime musical interlude.

Pierhead look-out.

Mermaid guardian of the Assize Court.

Lime Street and the rain-washed, deserted St. George's plateau.

Candid Commentary: by Credendus

Liverpool Revisited

Sketches by Susan Benson

I STOOD by the counter of a coffee-stall and watched a rainstorm of remarkable violence sweep across the deserted St. George's plateau. Everything was melancholy and dark, rather like a gloomy Victorian painting. Somehow, it set the keynote, for I found Liverpool a city of stark realism. I thought of the mental pictures I was taking away . . . of many streets so grim and grimy . . . of the people along Scotland Road who seem to inhale tripe and exhale fish and chips . . . of North John Street crowded with hard little hats set on hard little heads.

I recalled the various types of Liverpudlians I had met . . . the trim typist who lived in Wavertree, the matron of semi-leisure who resided in Croxteth, the clerk who reflected the respectability of Sefton Park, the Mulatto who slept in Pitt Street, the cotton-broker who had a " place " in Aigburth Drive. I thought of the featureless thousands who crowd the pier-head for ferry transport to the dormitories of Liverpool, the faded ladies of Lime Street whose eyes had shone for a season in the brothels of Edwardian nights, the countless streets of grey faces and wan lives.

I thought of the Liverpudlian I asked if I was on the right road to Rodney Street. From his pleased expression I gathered I was not. " Rodney Street ! " he repeated several times, as if I had asked the way to the Via Condotti—no doubt he enjoyed his sixty seconds of important suspense. When I found Rodney Street I was quietly impressed by the fine eighteenth-century fronts of the Harley Street of the North, though many of the houses in the surrounding neighbourhood were lapses in architectural manners. The Anglican Cathedral was impressive. Its very bulk is memorable, though I felt its dark-red exterior failed to reflect the spirit of the age in which it was conceived and built.

I pictured the morning shoppers in Bold Street—fashionable in appearance, though many women were guilty of overdressing as they

The whining trams—for long a feature of Liverpool streets.

The overhead railway—link with dockland.

The gleaming-white entrance to the Mersey Tunnel from the gardens.

The ferry—transport to the dormitories of Liverpool.

Dock Board Offices, Cunard and Royal Liver Buildings—the most familiar of imposing skylines.

went through the ritual of coffee-and-gossip. I thought of those significant spaces where once had been shops and offices and how the work of reconstruction was gradually removing the blitz-legacy. I remembered the Liverpool Playhouse and the magnificent tradition left by William Armstrong, the man who nursed its fortunes for so many years. I thought of the Market. I was not particularly interested in the stalls. I found far more material in the side street with its pens and cages for pets and poultry. It is always tempting to speculate on the life of some unknown passing face. Many of the people in that narrow lane stood out because they looked so poor. They seemed to have nowhere to go and nothing to do. They were aimless and lost. The bent body of one man looked as if he was just waiting for Life to knock him down again. His clothes were ragged, shoes were gaping, and he was filthy, but it was a woman who drew my pity. Once she had been pretty, but now thin, pale and probably twenty years younger than she looked, purely because she had lost all pride in herself. Clad in shapeless clothes, she shuffled past women in neat and trim outfits—feminine humiliation at its acutest.

It is wrong to visit a prosperous city like Liverpool and pin-point a couple of beggars. And yet, for me, that was where Liverpool began, for I went on to find Liverpool the seaport. Here is a paradox by no means confined to Merseyside. The same thing is found in Glasgow, Portsmouth and all the main ports. We are an island community. The sea is our life-blood. Much of what we eat and wear is brought to us in ships. Our export drive depends on ships. Yet when I visit the ports I see nothing but slums.

I went along the dock road. The pattern was familiar . . . dark, slippery cobblestones, high, blank walls, towering warehouses. I knew I was surrounded by ships, even though I could not see them. A century ago the flanking streets and squares were occupied by prosperous Liverpool merchants, now they are little better than slum tenements. Newspaper sellers identified their edition by " Four o'clock winner ! "—the time of the last winner at Newmarket. I thought of the scene of the Heath with graceful thoroughbreds parading in the paddock of the July Course and compared it with the Mersey setting and the pungent smell of tow and tar. Instead of smartly-dressed racegoers there were cloth-capped dockers, the diagonal eye of a Chinese, the wool of the Negro and the ebon smoothness of the Indian working and living by this industrial waterfront.

The most familiar feature of this English seaport, second only to London, I have left to the last—the skyline of the Dock Board Offices, Cunard and Royal Liver Buildings—a river façade that not even New York can surpass.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

TWIN DÉBUTANTES

Miss Mary and Miss Cynthia Makins, twin débutante daughters of Sir Roger Makins, British Ambassador to the United States, are having an even fuller year than most of this season's "debs." In September, they leave England to join their parents in Washington, where they will be in time for the American season. These attractive girls recently completed courses at a secretarial college, and plan to find interesting jobs when the Washington season is over.

JULY 7th.—GOLFING JOURNALISTS. Sir Harry Brittain (*right*), Coronation Year president of the Press Golfing Society, presents his new cup to the winner, Mr. C. T. K. Canty, at Blackmoor Golf Club, Hants.

JULY 8th.—WEDDING. Lord Folkestone, elder son of the Earl of Radnor, and Miss Anne Seth-Smith leave St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage; the bridesmaids included two of the bridegroom's sisters, Lady Phœbe and Lady Harriot Pleydell-Bouverie.

JULY 8th.—TIARA AND CRINOLINE. The Duchess of Sutherland arrives in a red-and-white dress for the summer ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clore at Park Street, Mayfair.

JULY 10th.—LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON. Mr. R. W. V. Robins, former Middlesex and England captain, arrives with his daughter and his son R. V. C. Robins, Eton's cricket captain, at the Eton and Harrow match.

JULY 10th.—A ROYAL CHRISTENING. Pictured in the grounds of the Palace of St. James's after the christening of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles' baby son at Marlborough House Chapel are (*l. to r.*) the Duke of Kent (godfather), the Princess Royal, the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Lascelles, Lady Fox, the Duchess of Gloucester (godmother), Sir John Fox and Lord Boyne, who was also a godfather.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THE garden party given by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in St. James's Square on July 7th had all the unhurried splendour of a pre-war affair—cucumber sandwiches, the band of the Irish Guards playing discreetly from time to time . . . and Royalty. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester stayed for quite a long time; Sir Ian Jacob, Vice-Chairman of the Council, received the guests with Lady Jacob. We saw Lord Cecil and Mr. Lionel Curtis, both over eighty and in excellent form, Lord and Lady Leathers, Mr. Ivison Macadam, who had that morning been to the Palace to receive his C.V.O., and his charming American wife, Lord Astor, and the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli. The Sultan of Perak was making his way towards the tea tent; already there were Sir Han Hoe and Lady Lim, from Malaya, being looked after by Mr. and Mrs. Clement Attlee.

Next call was at the New 49 Club in Hallam Street, where we learnt all about a sporting venture specially thought up for overseas visitors by Baron Konopka. The Baron, a descendant of an old Polish family and one of his country's leading sportsmen before the war, will arrange hunting, shooting and fishing within a 200-mile radius of London at forty-eight hours' notice—saddles, gun-dogs and fishing rods included.

The Royal Empire Society, Victoria League and Overseas League joint ball at the Hurlingham Club was an enormous success, chiefly due to the wonderful organisation by Mary Duchess of Devonshire, and her hard-working committee. The Queen, radiant in pink-and-green tulle, and the Duke of Edinburgh talked with many of the overseas visitors and other V.I.P.s. We noticed Lord and Lady Headfort in Lady Price's party; their daughter Lady Olivia Taylour in another group, Lady Worsley, retiring Chairman of the Victoria League, Sir Rupert and Lady Clark, Lady Violet Benson, and very many more.

JULY 8th.—Lady White, wife of the Australian High Commissioner, Sir Thomas White, spent an anxious morning wondering if the weather intended to ruin her garden party. Luckily, after a few spiteful showers, the sun *did* come out to shine on green- and white-striped marquees in the garden behind the Hyde Park Gate "official residence." Everyone admired the attractive little fountain which Lady White designed herself; she had also arranged the flowers in the reception rooms. Helping to introduce the guests were her daughters Judith, in grey, and Lilian, in yellow; among the 500 we saw Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, wife of the American Ambassador, who unfortunately couldn't himself be there, Mrs. R. A. Butler, also minus her husband who had been caught up in a debate, Lord and Lady Reading, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Davies, Sir Owen Dickson, who is Chief Justice of the Australian High Court, and Lady Dickson, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. Dowling—he had been promoted that day—Lady Evershed, Lord and Lady Freyburg, Lord and Lady Bruce, Dr. H. Geyer,

[*Continued overleaf.*

JULY 14th.—THE PRESIDENT'S REMARKS. The Duke of Beaufort presided at the International Horse Show's annual luncheon at the Savoy. Also pictured (*l. to r.*) are Mr. F. H. Boland, Dr. L. Wimmer and Mr. F. S. Gentle.

JULY 15th.—PARTY IN THE PIAZZA. Residents of Wilton Row held an open-air Continental-style fiesta—seen arriving are Mrs. Anthony Stainton (*left*) and Mrs. John Ehrman.

JULY 15th.—The United States yacht *Gesture*, with crew (*l. to r.*) Mr. Alexander Salm, Captain Hans Daland, Mr. A. Howard Fuller, the owner, and Mrs. Fuller, arrived at Southampton prior to taking part in Cowes Regatta in August.

JULY 17th.—ANOTHER LOVELY GUEST. The Begum Aga Khan looked magnificent in a white sari at the ball given for her husband; she is seen arriving with Lady Moira Lyttelton.

JULY 19th.—No. 4 CAME OFF. After a polo match at Cowdray Park, when he was thrown from his pony, the Duke of Edinburgh pours champagne into Colonel Harper's tankard, watched by Lord Cowdray, while Mr. Peter Dollar takes a nip from the trophy.

JULY 19th.—ROYAL DESCENT. The Duchess of Kent, who was accompanied by her children the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra, is helped from a Land-Rover at a British Legion Rally at Maidstone.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

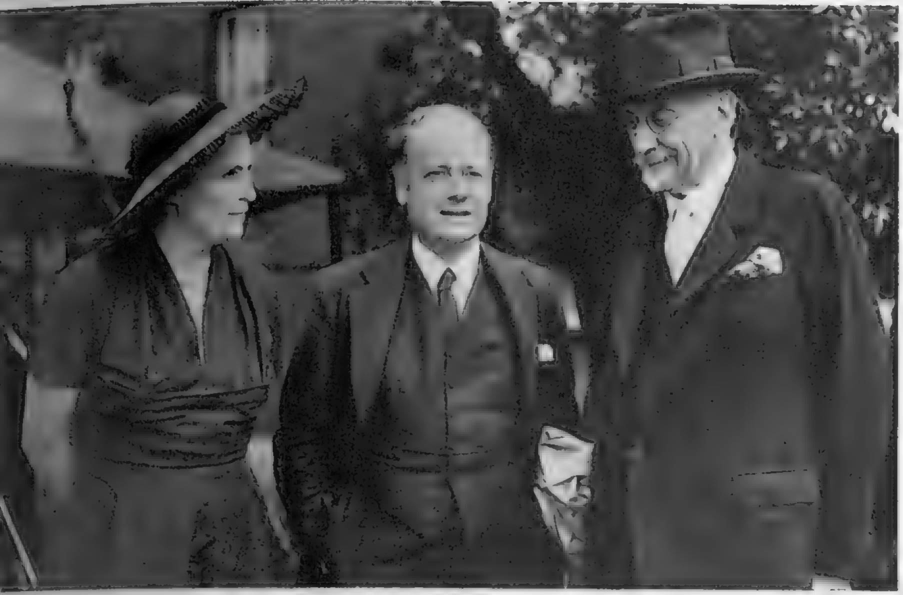
the High Commissioner for South Africa, and his wife, and Brigadier Sir Norman Gwatkin.

JULY 9th.—At the Rose Ball for Residential Clubs for elderly gentlepeople at the Dorchester, we were surprised to see the gaudy Coronation crowns, surely the least tattered of all remaining decorations, still hanging from the ceiling. Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch and Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston were joint-chairmen; among the many young people were Miss Moira Keenan, Miss Venetia Fane, Mr. Julian Byng, Mr. John Duncan, Miss Jennifer Dobbin and Miss Catherine Spencer, in a pretty red dress.

We encountered pipers of the London Scottish who were doing double duty piping for reels at both dances on our way up the road to the Catholic Public Schools Ball at Grosvenor House. Here we found Mr. Denis O'Bryen, an old boy of Stonyhurst, with a large party; he was ball chairman. Five sixth-form girls from Poles Convent, very smart in brand-new dresses, were partnered by senior boys from Beaumont—all arranged with parental permission. Miss Bunty Lynskey, daughter of Mr. Justice Lynskey, had a table with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Wightman Smith, whilst at opposite ends of the ballroom were Mr. John Ormerod and Miss Maureen O'Brien, in halter-necked mushroom tulle. Miss Carolyn Calburn got up a party at the last minute including Miss Bridget Laver, daughter of Mr. James Laver, and Mr. Edward Liddle.

Finally arrived at the Hyde Park Hotel to the strains of *My very good friend the milkman*, although it wasn't quite so late as all that, where Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Parkes had a very gay coming-out ball for their daughter, Miss Susan Parkes, dark and pretty in mother-of-pearl embroidered white tulle. As they spend much of their time at their lovely castle in Ireland, her chaperon during the season is the young Lady Savernake, who had stood in the "receiving line" earlier in the evening. We saw Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham and Miss Hazel Scott-Ellis, Lord Howard de Walden's eldest daughter, both in short evening dresses, Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam and Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune looking equally attractive in long. Miss Gillian Grant, in parchment brocade, Miss Meriel Edwards, Mr. Jeremy Renton and Lord Pollington were others about; it was rumoured that Mr. Cyril Newton had been seen sliding down the banisters, and there was much coming-and-going down a steep iron stairway leading from ballroom to garden.

JULY 14th.—Hard-pressed hostesses were spared giving dinner-parties before Mr. and Mrs. Rex King's coming-out dance for Miss Philippa King at the Hyde Park Hotel, for the Kings invited all 200 of their guests to dinner first at the hotel; things got warmed-up very quickly and, by the time the main course arrived, so had the balloons. Some of the girls there were Lady Jennifer Bernard, Miss Rose Lycett-Green, Miss Rosemary Stucley and Miss Sarah Gore, while escorts included Lords Boyne and Pollington, Mr. Christopher Cory and Mr. Richard Tathan.



JULY 17th.—LITERARY GARDEN PARTY. *L. to r.*: Lady Moyne, Lord Moyne and Lord Dunsany were at a garden party given by the Royal Society of Literature in the grounds of No. 11, Downing Street. The Society, which was founded 130 years ago, has Mr. R. A. Butler as its President; he received the guests with Mrs. Butler and the Earl of Birkenhead, Chairman, and the Countess of Birkenhead.

JULY 17th.—BEAUTIFUL VISITOR FROM THE EAST. Miss Jane Kok, from Singapore, attended the Ismalian Council's Jubilee Ball at the Savoy, in honour of the Aga Khan, who put a limit on the length of speeches —his own was one sentence of forty-seven words.

JULY 20th.—INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands (*left*), Col. Gubierrez (Italy), and Col. Pierre Cavailie (France), at the White City.

JULY 21st.—ALSO AT THE WHITE CITY. Miss Marie Delfosse and *Fanny Rosa* clear the last fence to win the Queen Elizabeth II. Cup, the chief international ladies' event of the show. Miss Dawn Palethorpe came second, and her sister, Miss Jill Palethorpe, third.

JULY 21st.—CONGRATULATIONS. Field Marshal Sir John Harding congratulates S.U.O. Angela Nicholson, winner of the Ceremonial Sash, at the passing-out parade of officer cadets at Hindhead.

A weird and wonderful "Abominable Snowman" dominated proceedings at the gay reception to members of the Everest Expedition given at No. 6, Stanhope Gate by Sir Frederick Doidge, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and Lady Doidge. "Let's get a closer look at it," said Lady Freyberg, wife of Lieut.-General Lord Freyberg, Deputy Governor of Windsor Castle. We did—and decided not to believe it. We were not alone in that. The creature, with a plaster "footprint" beside it, provoked much merriment from Sir Rupert and Lady De la Bère, Lord and Lady Newall and Sir Howard and Lady Kippenberger. The party was a grand opportunity for New Zealanders to meet the newly-knighted Sir Edmund Hillary and other members of the expedition, including the other New Zealander, Mr. George Lowe. Colonel Hunt's remark as he patiently signed autographs was very popular with that gathering: "I'm looking forward to going to New Zealand to climb Mount Cook." "You won't find any Abominable Snowmen," we told him; he grinned and continued autographing.

A few yards away in sedate Belgravia, people who live in Wilton Row had transformed it into a Piazza for a tremendous champagne party. Over 300 guests wandered in and out of the houses of their seven "hosts," and danced in the courtyard under a blue-and-white striped awning. Lady Melchett, one of the seven, looking delightfully Continental in a black straw-trimmed dress with a red stole, was an energetic dancer. Artist Mr. Arthur Ferrier had a large crowd, including Lord Foley and Mr. Charles Sweeny, in his pink-washed house to hear Billie Worth and Donald Burr giving "positively our last appearance"—they were leaving for America early the next morning. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Rogers, M. and Mme. Tristan de Aviles, he is Counsellor at the Ecuadorian Embassy, and Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Freeman were also busy entertaining their guests. In Wing Commander Paul Richey's house we saw Lady Dufferin and Ava, Mr. Richard Stokes and Lord Rea; others about were Lord and Lady Erleigh, Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia, Lady Bearstead and Mrs. Michael West, whose husband, Major-General West, is commanding the Commonwealth Division in Korea.

JULY 16th.—One of the friendliest deb. dances of the season was given by Mr. and Mrs. Basil Marsden-Smedley for their daughter Henrietta—just recovered from the fashionable measles—at the Belgian Institute in Belgrave Square. Lots of people had come up specially from the country, like Sir Thomas and Lady Lea, from Yorkshire, Mr. and Mrs. David Pollock, from Cumberland, and Mr. and Mrs. Drewitt Chaytor, from Yorkshire. Lady Cynthia Colville, who brought her granddaughter, Miss Sally Colville, was talking to Lady Pinney, Miss Marsden-Smedley's grandmother; Mr. Frederick Warner came on with Mr. Robin Farquharson and Miss Carolyn Seymour-Johnson after dining at the Albany. Dancing tirelessly were Miss Dione Sellar, Miss Sarah Trubshawe, Mr. Nigel Brace and Mr. David Summerhayes, while barrister Mr. Peter Bevan snatched a rest reading Belgian newspapers in the library.

On page 72 of our issue for July 15th we inadvertently described Lord Bruce of Melbourne as President of the Devonshire Club, an office actually occupied by the Duke of Devonshire himself.

On page 28 of our issue for July 1st we used a photograph of Mr. Chitmoung and Miss Reva Bonarjee, incorrectly referring to the lady as Mrs. Chitmoung. We offer our apologies for the error.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

Paradox by two Plays

NOTHING is more unrewarding, dangerous and generally senseless than to indulge in prediction in anything to do with show business, but the paradox presented by two of the next fortnight's television plays irresistibly tempts me to stick out the prognosticating critical neck. The two plays are *The Noble Spaniard*, by W. Somerset Maugham, which is scheduled for August 4, and *Golden Rain*, by R. F. Delderfield, which can be seen on August 2 and 6.

If these two works were presented to one side by side, as coming hot from their authors' pens, the obvious conclusion would be that Mr. Maugham's effort was a neat, gay, nonsensical romp, depending entirely on the extent to which the producer, the cast and the audience could be persuaded to enter into the joke of it all. Mr. Delderfield's play, on the other hand, is a carefully observed, painstakingly constructed and dramatically satisfying comedy of real people and modern problems. I cannot see how it can fail to give pleasure and much food for thought.

And yet, *The Noble Spaniard*—for which the shrewd and coldly analytical Mr. Maugham cannot have predicted anything but the briefest span of life—has already stood the test of something like forty years of time. My memory records no slap-up revivals of this piece, but, nevertheless, it has persistently cropped up among the productions of the repertory theatres and of amateur dramatic societies—at least, that is what my spies tell me.

The scene is set in Boulogne, where Mr. Justice Proudfoot, the most pompous ass ever to have donned the scarlet robe, and his wife Matilda, a hefty matron who refuses to face the fact that she has graduated into the "boiling fowl" stage of life, have taken a villa for the summer. The year, by the way, is 1850. Staying with the Proudfoots is the fascinating Marion Nairne, who is even more alluring by reason of the fact that she is a widow with a vast fortune. She has a young sister, Lucy, a pert little thing, given to embroidery, and a certain Captain Chalford of the Heavy Dragoons. Then we have two of the locals, Count de Moret and his English-born wife, who only married him because she could not bear the thought of recrossing the Channel to England! These—with a maid who pops on and off with metronomic regularity—provide the preliminary *dramatis personæ*, until suddenly, bang, there dashes upon the scene a romantic figure, tall of stature, flashing of eye and with no end of a good opinion of himself. He loses not a moment in telling everybody exactly who he is: Don Ferdinand Francisco Maria de Lomas y Oria, Duke of Hermanos, Marquis of Alcala, Count of Triana, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and a Grandee of Spain, with the right to wear his hat in the presence of the King. He loses even less time in declaring his burning passion for the lovely Marion, our heroine.

But she, the naughty thing, instead of being grateful for such flattering attentions, will have none of the Duke, and tells him that she is married. That fib has the unexpected result of causing that impetuous young man to declare that he will kill the husband in a duel, so that she will be free to come to him. Thereafter, one by one, the rest of the male characters in the play are threatened with extinction, through being mistaken for the defunct Mr. Nairne, and all the ladies—except the maid—get muddled up, in the eyes of their respective menfolk, with the Duke's real inamorata. But, bewilderingly enough, everything comes right in the end.

Surely this is a plot to giggle at for a couple of hours and then forget. And yet the play has persisted. Why? Probably because Mr. Maugham has cast his *soufflé* in the classical mould, fashioned hundreds of years ago by the *Comédia dell' Arte*. Indeed, most of the characters of the traditional Harlequinade can be recognised—and what is more persistently enduring than the Harlequinade? It requires no rare perception to recognise impetuous Harlequin, capricious Columbine and damn' fool Pantalon. Only Pierrot is missing, for there is not one moment of sadness in *The Noble Spaniard*. But the nonsense that these characters get up to is as dateless as love and laughter.

By way of contrast, the characters of Mr. Delderfield's play *Golden Rain* are as real as their problems. Roger Strawbridge, a vigorous young parson, has just been made vicar of a small country village. His problem is entirely spiritual. He cares little for comfort, nothing for luxury, and is entirely wrapped up in his conviction that the Church must make a stand against the social evils of our time—the list of which the author confines to racketeering business methods, spivvery and gambling in the shape of football pools. The problem of Cathy, his wife, is rather more physical. Alas, it is not an unusual one: a huge vicarage—full of dry rot, damp, leaking roof and searing draughts—to maintain on a totally insufficient stipend, and with only one cynical but loyal woman of fifty, Mrs. Tuckett, as "help."

Small wonder that Cathy tries to do something to remedy this state of affairs. First she tries to let part of the vicarage to an American woman who has come to Britain to try to check up on a few ancestors. Mrs. Stukeley-Mosher is just crazy about olde oake, and the draughts cause a glint to come into her eye at the thought of the modernising she will be able to do. Unfortunately, Cathy's sales methods, though undoubtedly well-intentioned, savour somewhat of sharp practice, and when Roger finds out there is no end of a scene. Cathy next secretly turns to football pools as a solution, with somewhat involved results.

The clash between Cathy and Roger must by now be quite obvious. It is a sound, convincing clash, and that goes far to making a sound, convincing play. But—and here is where I stick my neck out—what will be the fate of *Golden Rain* in forty years' time? Will it still be acted, or will it only feature in the collected editions of Mr. Delderfield's plays?

For by then, one hopes that most of the conditions which to-day give it such authenticity will have disappeared. One trusts that the clergy will be remunerated in a way befitting their station; that conscience will play an increasing part in commerce; that our youth will have found more legitimate outlets for its spirit of adventure, and that our laws will be amended to allow for more elegant forms of gambling. But, whatever happens to his play in forty years' time, Mr. Delderfield does not write in vain to-day.

BERNARD BRADEN.

With his wife, Barbara, Braden makes another assault on television to-night (July 29th) in their "experimental" programme, Barbara with Braden. *These two are an astonishing couple. Although they have made themselves household names, principally in comedy, they are both capable of giving brilliant dramatic performances, so anything might happen. I say "anything," because advance information about this programme is on the tight-lipped side. There is not much to go on when you are told: "It could be described as a Canadian-English review, in an easy-going atmosphere, including songs and sketches." Further information is that, with the Bradens, will be Benny Lee, Pearl Carr, Ronald Fletcher and a Mystery Guest Celebrity (what little teases the good people of Lime Grove like to be at times). The semibreves, quavers and studio laughter will be supplied by Nat Temple* et ses *boys.*

SARI BARABAS.

The Hungarian-born coloratura soprano, will be seen and heard as Constanze, the heroine of Mozart's gay opera Die Entführung Aus Dem Serail (or Il Seraglio, *if you prefer), from Glyndebourne to-morrow (July 30th). This is one of the season's most successful productions, and certainly represents the year's highspot for opera-loving viewers. It was this opera which earned the most astonishing musical criticism of all time, when after the first performance in Vienna in 1782, the Emperor Joseph II. told Mozart that it contained too many notes! With Miss Barabas, in the cast, are Emmy Loose, Helmut Krebs, Murray Dickie and Fritz Ollendorf. That superb producer of operas, Professor Carl Ebert, will himself play the non-singing part of the Pasha. The orchestra is the Royal Philharmonic conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. Television presentation by George R. Foa.*

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

Anastasia, by Marcelle-Maurette (adapted by Guy Bolton). There was a legend that when the Tsar and his family were assassinated by the Bolsheviks, the youngest daughter survived and escaped. This led to a monumental White Russian confidence trick, and that led to an intriguing and moving play, which in its turn led to two superb performances by Mary Kerridge and Helen Haye and a first-rate one by Anthony Ireland.

The Quartermass Experiment, the new Saturday night serial by Nigel Kneale. All about manned rockets roaring about in outer space. Described as a thriller, the first episode had me on the edge of the chair, vowing not to miss a single instalment.

The Duenna, Sheridan's musical comedy, which was delightfully done. It was a pleasant change to hear actors sing, instead of *vice versa*; and Julian Slade's tuneful score, while not being great music, was exactly suited to the light voices of the Bristol Old Vic Company—especially that of Jane Wenham, which has a touch of magic. Altogether one of my happiest evenings with television.

Welcome Home

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were at London Airport on Friday, July 17th, to welcome home Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret from their Southern Rhodesian tour. Here her Majesty, after going aboard to greet them, follows her mother and sister from the *Comet* which brought them home.

A delightful picture of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother taken on the lawns of the Leopard's Rock Hotel in Southern Rhodesia's Vumba Mountains, against a typical Rhodesian background reminiscent of her native Scottish countryside. The two weeks of the tour began with the official opening by her Majesty on July 3rd of the Central African Rhodes Centenary Exhibition at Bulawayo. While at Bulawayo, her Majesty and Princess Margaret joined the townspeople in a pilgrimage to the grave of Cecil Rhodes in the Matopo Hills twenty miles outside the city. Everywhere they went, even in the vast African reserves where there are no towns or villages, natives and white settlers turned out to greet them. Their last visit was to the tobacco auctions in Salisbury, followed by a garden party in Central Park, where her Majesty told the 15,000 guests that she would like to thank the people of Rhodesia for all they had done to make the tour so enjoyable.

Left: Princess Margaret arriving at the home of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava in Hans Crescent on July 21st, for the first party given in her honour since her return from Southern Rhodesia. Among those present were the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Viscount and Viscountess Ednam, Lady Perdita Blackwood, Lord Plunket, who accompanied Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on the Rhodesian tour as Equerry, Mr. Francis Dashwood, Mr. William Wallace and Captain T. Egerton. The party was given by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava and Major H. A. D. Buchanan for the Princess and her young friends, who were later joined by other guests, including the Duchess of Kent.

Rehearsing at the Royal Opera House before their London première : Alicia Alonzo as *Zemphira* and John Kriza as *The Young Gypsy*, leaping over Igor Youskevitch as *Aleko*.

AMERICAN BALLET at Covent Garden

The American National Ballet Theatre received a warm welcome back when they opened their third season at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on July 13th. The Company, who were previously here in 1946 and 1950, will be at the Royal Opera House until August 8th. Their repertory includes some exciting works, such as *Til Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*, with music by Richard Strauss and choreography by Jean Babilee ; *The Harvest According*, with music by Virgil Thomson and choreography by Agnes de Mille, and Leonide Massine's *Aleko*. There are also many previous favourites such as *Fancy Free*, *Interplay*, *Billy the Kid*, *Fall River Legend*, and various others. Alicia Alonzo, leading ballerina of the Company, went blind eight years ago for twelve months, but happily, made a complete recovery.

Faster and faster they dance as the tempo of the lovely Tchaikowsky music increases. This ballet was first performed in Mexico City in 1942.

The music reaches its crescendo in the "stabbing sequence," as arms and legs intermingle in the brilliant finale. *Aleko*, with choreography by Leonide Massine and scenery and costumes by Marc Chagall, was inspired by Pushkin's poem, *Gypsies*. It has not previously been performed in Britain.

Above : A scene from the world première of Ronald Duncan's *Don Juan*, which was produced by E. Martin Browne at the Palace Theatre, Bideford, with décor by Feliks Topolski.

The Taw and Torridge Festival

The Taw and Torridge Festival, North Devon's festival of the arts, was held from July 11th to 19th in association with the Arts Council, at Barnstaple and Bideford, which are situated on the two rivers from which the Festival took its name. A wide and varied programme provided something to suit all tastes—a procession of boats, a jazz show, a choral and orchestral concert, a lecture on the countryman's place in our national life, a firework display, the world première of Ronald Duncan's *Don Juan* (*above*) and the English Opera Group's presentation of *The Beggar's Opera*—and several other items besides. The President of the Festival was the Earl Fortescue, and its patrons were the Earl of Harewood, the Countess of Eldon and Lord Poltimore.

Pictures from the Festival Ball appear on the following two pages.

Left : A scene from *The Beggar's Opera* presented by the English Opera Group at the Queen's Hall, Barnstaple. Polly (Monica Sinclair) pleads to save Captain Macheath (Peter Pears) from hanging.

This happy group contains, *l. to r.* : the Earl of Harewood, Mrs. Wildi, the Countess of Harewood and Mr. Basil Douglas, manager of the English Opera Group.

Mr. Ambrose Fulford, the well-known Devon farmer, proffers a light to Miss A. E. Lee, while Miss Gladys Fulford looks on. The three were taking a respite from the dancing.

Taw and Torridge Festival Ball

Lady Fortescue reaches into a box to draw the lucky "Tombola" tickets. Prizes were nylons, chocolates, champagne and such.

Lady Fortescue and Lady Eldon sharing a joke with Lord Fortescue. Behind them are some of Castle Hill's lovely old hunting prints.

Five minutes before the band played the National Anthem, three guests discuss the ball at ground level. They are: Mr. J. Taylor and his sister, Miss M. Taylor, and Mr. J. M. Tunstall-Behrens.

Mr. Bradford Hewitt pouring champagne with an air of great practice, for Mrs. Hewitt, *left*, and Mrs. C. Mathison, as they relaxed between dances in Lord Fortescue's comfortable study.

Four of the guests sharing a joke together between dances were, *l. to r.*: Dr. R. Hewetson, Mrs. Hewetson, Mrs. S. A. Snowdon and Dr. J. Smart, here sitting in a corner by the stairs.

Mrs. Phillip Martin and Mr. Hal Gundry managed to find a very comfortable corner in the lovely lounge. The beautiful Devon home of Lord and Lady Fortescue was the scene of the Ball.

Over 200 guests came from far and near to Castle Hill, Filleigh, near Barnstaple, the beautiful old Devon home of the Earl and Countess Fortescue, for the Taw and Torridge Festival Ball on Friday, July 17th. The lovely old house was floodlit for the occasion, which was one of the gayest in the district's history. The Earl and Countess of Harewood headed a list of distinguished guests, and joined in the dancing to rhumba, samba and other modern music. There were some really wonderful "Tombola" prizes, which were handed to the lucky winners by Lady Fortescue. Guests relaxed in Lord Fortescue's comfortable study between dances, or wandered through beautiful tapestry-covered rooms to the buffet and bar, pausing to admire the fine collection of oil portraits of Lord Fortescue's ancestors which adorn the oak-panelled walls. The dancing continued until 3 a.m., when guests took their leave with happy memories of a wonderful evening in a wonderful setting.

In another corner the photographer found Lord and Lady Devon resting from the dancing and general festivities, which continued until 3 a.m.

Three who waited for the dancing to be resumed were, *l. to r.*: Countess Russocki, Fraulein E. Kohlrausch and Count Russocki.

Two more in Lord Fortescue's book-lined study were Sir Bourchier Wrey and Mrs. Phillip Taylor. There was much admiration of the many fine old family portraits on the oak-panelled walls.

Two who found a quiet spot on the stairs all to themselves, were Mr. Henry Williamson, the well-known author of *Tarka the Otter*, and his very attractive wife, Christine.

A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

IF you live in London and have small children, I can recommend an invaluable service called "Proxy Parents," which will arrange for hourly, daily, weekly or monthly charge of children, meeting trains, and escorting to and from school, the doctor, dentist, and so on. The workers for "Proxy Parents" are chosen with care, and, before they are accepted, their references are carefully checked so that, as far as is humanly possible, they are vouched for. These "proxy parents" are adaptable, educated women who are used to helping in their own homes, but are *not* domestic workers. Many of them are very experienced, often with grown-up children of their own, while there are a number of girls young enough to play with the children. Those that live in, take full charge while the mother is away, and assume all her normal duties in the home. It is of special interest to note that there are also "proxy daughters" who will act as companions to the old or sick, and who will shop and prepare light meals, and so on.

* * *

For those who prefer to make tea on the picnic site rather than take it ready-made in a flask; for campers, and, in fact, for anybody who wants to boil water anywhere, I have come across a kettle with a difference. This kettle, called rather alarmingly—even for our uncertain climate—the Volcano Camp Kettle, has a flue in its centre. In this is placed a piece of lighted paper, further fuel in the form of wood, paper or leaves is then dropped through the funnel, and the fiercer the wind the faster the water boils. The kettle is sold complete with a spare water container which is packed in the flue space. The capacity of the kettle and the container is 3 pints each, and the kettle weighs 2 lb.

* * *

A food wrapping much used in the United States and now made in this country, is air- moisture- and liquid-proof. It has innumerable uses in the kitchen and the home. It is transparent but tough and durable, and can be washed and used over and over again. Such things as salads, sandwiches, fruit, vegetables, and so on, can be prepared for use and then wrapped until required, when they will be as fresh as ever. This wrapping is sold in a continuous roll, but with the aid of a cool iron the edges of pieces cut from it can be sealed to make useful bags. If the bags are to be used for storage purposes the fourth edge can be sealed by the same process when they are filled.

* * *

One of the legendary feminine failings is the very old one that "no woman can cut a straight slice of bread." Although this is demonstrably untrue, there is no doubt that a breadboard now appearing in the shops will be welcomed by men and women alike. This board, made from hardwood, has an upright panel at the back in which there is a slot which guides the knife as you cut the bread. Now the most inexpert slicer, or the shaking hand of the-morning-after-the-night-before, can cut the bread from the thinness of a wafer to any thickness desired. No special bread-knife is necessary and the board can also be used for slicing-up meat, vegetables, etc. A left-handed board can also be supplied.

* * *

Last month I told you about an excellent device for stripping currant and gooseberry bushes, and now with the apple harvest ahead, I must tell you about another cheap and effective tool made by the same firm. This is an Apple Picker which is strongly made and easy to use; it consists of a 4-ft. 6-in. handle with a special net head. To get those delicious apples—or for that matter pears, plums, etc.—which always seem to grow just out of reach, you place the picker under the fruit and shake it gently when, if it is ripe, it will drop into the net without bruising.

* * *

An adjustable half-belt, for which my husband and son have been kindly guinea-pigs, is reported to be a good idea. It prevents trousers from slipping over the hips, but does away with braces or the all-round belt which some people find uncomfortable. The *Trim-Belt* has two metal loops which fit on to buttons on each side of the trousers waist-band at the back; it is adjusted to the correct measurement by a slide.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

"Proxy Parents": 159a, Kensington High Street, W.8. Telephone Western 9696; terms on request, but the minimum booking of two hours is 7s. Volcano Camp Kettle: 45s., Army and Navy Stores. "Pliofilm": 1s. per roll; John Barker. "Kut-Strate Breadboard": 13s. 11d.; Harrods. Apple Picker: 12s. 6d. and carriage 1s. extra; E. J. Woodman and Sons, Pinner, Middlesex. "Trim-Belt": 1s. 11d.; Civil Service Stores.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING: by WILLIAM HARTLEY

Coronation Year Models Under Test

THE JENSEN INTERCEPTOR

THERE will always be those who appreciate an individualistic car, and the Jensen Interceptor should please them well. The other angle of appeal is a high power-to-weight ratio—or, to put it another way, a large engine in a car of comparatively light weight. Add to those features a maximum speed well towards 100 m.p.h., and you have indeed an interesting combination. So it was with a certain amount of relish that I took over one of these *Interceptors* for a few days.

I was not disappointed. I started my tests in the thick of London West End traffic and two points struck me quickly: first the excellence of visibility in what is quite a big car and, second, the docile nature of the car. It was quite happy ambling gently along at well below 20 in top gear, with a perfectly adequate acceleration when the road suddenly cleared ahead. The incorporation of the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive is delightful, and one can do a lot of ambling at about 28 m.p.h. in overdrive with the rev-counter reading only 1000 r.p.m. for the engine, which is quite extraordinary and very restful and pleasant. Maybe it is not so intended, but I almost invariably used this overdrive as top gear, the result of which is that the engine had an easy time, making for long life and a petrol economy worthy of note in a big-engined car. Very roughly, I averaged about 25 miles per gallon all round, and I call that good for a 4-litre-engined car.

Out on the open road, the performance can be lively enough to satisfy the most dashing driver and there is no comment to be made on steering or suspension other than that I never had an uncomfortable moment.

The body is comfortable and spacious too. There are many little touches which point to a great deal of thought for the convenience and comfort of the users. One example is the manner in which the front seats fold diagonally to allow very easy entrance into the back seats. The finish is good, too, and the instruments well placed in the standard arrangement, although the car I used was different in this respect, since it had been used on an International Rally.

This may be a brief story of some days with a car, but let me assure you that if anyone is considering a comfortable car with character, with lively and yet docile performance, economy of operation and, I imagine, long life, then the Jensen *Interceptor* is certainly one to try.

This and That

I RECENTLY visited my old friend Raymond Mays at Bourne to see his new showrooms for the Ford dealership which he has taken over, with his partners. I could see he is bringing his full enthusiasm to bear on this new rôle, which amounts to a considerable efficiency. He has fine premises, with a large petrol forecourt full of Regent pumps and it all looks very smart. Adjoining, of course, are the famous B.R.M. workshops, and Mays showed me round these, too. As an engineer, I was immensely struck with all I saw and the B.R.M. engine in pieces is quite incredible and an example of engineering science close to perfection. Then, looking at Raymond Mays' collection of trophies won over many years convinced me that he is, surely, the most successful racing and hill-climb exponent we have had in this country. I hope the B.R.M. venture, under the ownership of A. G. B. Owen, will have more luck in the future, for that is all it lacked in the past.

* * * *

I spent some days at the Royal Show at Blackpool and was delighted to find a great number of old friends from the Motor Show busy with the other side of their various businesses—the agricultural market. I only mention this because they were allowed to put on a real show with the art of display reaching new heights. I rather wish the Motor Show could be so enlivened, but I fear Earls Court is not large enough to let them spread themselves. Incidentally, I made the trip in a Wolseley 6/80, and was rather staggered at the performance, as it was some time since I had driven one. I did the 182 miles in just 4½ hours, with no chances and no very fast driving, and in comfort. It's a good car that can do that, under any circumstances, let alone industrial traffic!

* * * *

I am sorry, but I cannot understand why our petrol prices should be raised by ½d. per gallon just because of world prices which are, I believe, based on Gulf of Mexico figures. The vast majority of our petrol and crude oil for refining here comes from the Middle East. A halfpenny is quite a large percentage increase when you consider the net price of petrol without the tax. The sooner petrol companies resume competition the better, for I don't see how they can claim it at the present time.

MOTEL

A mile from Lympne Airport, from which many passengers with cars leave for the Continent, the extremely comfortable and convenient Royal Oak Motel is gaining great popularity. These pictures give some idea of the service available at this motor-hotel, which includes garage and sleeping accommodation, baths, valet service and excellent English and Continental style meals from early morning to late at night.

Front view of two of the chalets, each of which has its own garage with a door leading into the sitting-room.

A guest entering a chalet's lounge from the garage.

Collecting clothes for valeting from the "cupboard-door."

Stairs lead from the sitting-room to the sleeping quarters.

Each chalet has its own colourful well-appointed bath-room.

Sleeping quarters contain twin beds, automatic tea-makers and tea service in a folding bedside table, a telephone and radio.

DOVER CAR FERRY

Rapidly becoming well known to car-drivers who visit the Continent is the Dover Harbour Board's Car Ferry terminus, which was officially opened at the end of last month. Owners drive themselves on and off the ferry, and at Dover, where the Customs Examination Hall can handle 240 cars an hour, everything is done with that minimum of fuss which appeals to travellers.

Cars and coaches parked alongside the Dover Harbour Board's offices, preparatory to going aboard a car ferry for the Channel crossing.

The service station at Dover, for passengers going abroad.

The buffet and bar in the reception hall at Dover.

The Customs Examination Hall at Dover, where car and baggage examination "islands" permit of a constant flow of traffic.

The car ferry *Lord Warden* coming in at Boulogne.

The deck of one of the smaller car ferries at Dover.

An Innocent in Columbus

by John Bowen

"COLUMBUS is to-day what Boston used to be," they said to me in New York. "The hub of the universe—that is, the dead centre where nothing moves." It was already late in an evening increasingly given over to gin and rhetoric. A lank blonde, whom nobody remembered bringing, remarked that the people of Ohio drink their whiskey with ice-cream soda as a chaser. "Seven and Seven Up," she said. "It 's something to do with the Great Pyramid."—"Can't *think* where I 've seen that girl before," said my host. Nobody I met in New York could understand why I was going to Columbus, Ohio, to study the affairs of the East India Company, and by that time I myself was beginning to be a little hazy about it.

Initially my visit was due to the generosity of the Ohio State University, which granted me a fellowship. I had been told, too, that America is not really America at all until one reaches the Middle West, where the great heart beats amid a profusion of hogs and corn and family Bibles. As it happens, I never did get to the Middle West, which, although it is an area that covers some two-thirds of the United States, is always either a little east or a little west of wherever one happens to be. But I did get to Columbus.

Englishmen know of Columbus, if they know of it at all, as the natal town of Mr. James Thurber—a busy, bustling, innocent place, where dams break, dogs bite people, and the bed falls on father. I had expected to recapture something of my delight when I first spent a winter in Blackpool and discovered that even the bank managers spoke like music-hall comedians. The light mist of confusion that surrounds most of my own public acts would, I had thought, be unnoticed amid the vaguer mist that lies about the people of Columbus, eccentrics all. I was wrong. No mist lies about Columbus. If it did, the people would say, "Misty out!" and after a while it would go away, discouraged. Columbians are an energetic people of definite views and outlines. Far from speaking like music-hall comedians, they speak in exactly the way one expects Americans to speak, and it is more monotonous than comic. Any mistiness you may find in Ohio will have drifted up from the south, and the speech of Southerners is a great delight. A friend from Texas once told me that, when he first came to Ohio, his room-mate would spend an hour a day trying to teach him to pronounce the word "I." "And do you know," he said, "Ah still cain't say it."

Before one begins to adjust to the Middle West, however, one has to adjust to life on a college campus. The campus at Ohio State University is a large horseshoe of green turf and trees, bordered by buildings whose architecture ranges from the marine to the ridiculous. On the one hand, the Armoury flaunts its red-brick castellations against the changing sky; on the other, a shrunken Keble marks the hour with an electric carillon in which *Au Clair de la Lune* alternates with *The Camptown Races*. On warm spring evenings the campus sports a light top-dressing of courting couples, and, indeed, behind me in the library as I write, two students are jazzing up *The First Principles of Electric Welding* with a little decorous smooching. Neither the Bodleian Library nor the British Museum was ever like this.

Hollywood has been no adequate guide to the campus of a State University. Again, I had thought I knew what to expect—the slim, trim brunette in bobbysox and a tight sweater, the grim football player, twice as large as life and clad entirely in body-armour like an armadillo, the niminy-piminy campus intellectual, a haddock in horn-rims, all of them singing and dancing and falling in love with the stuffy new professor (who turns out to be a real good Joe), before dashing off on a hay-wain to root for the Big Red Team. None of my own pupils, however, has even begun to fall in love with me, though one of the football players did show signs of an *intellectual* infatuation. "You want to come over and talk about philosophy?" he said. "You look like a philosopher. Sort of thin." When you add to this the fact that many of the brunettes wear horn-rims, while the campus intellectuals sport crew hair-cuts and a tough line borrowed from Hemingway, you begin to realise how low disillusion can go.

Even rooting for the team has become a little formal nowadays. On my first Friday evening at Columbus, I found myself caught up in a rally. A long procession, equipped with lights and masks and zippy slogans on wilting cardboard, wound its way through the streets near the campus, and I wound with it. The man next to me carried a pine-wood torch, and seemed to be suffering with a heavy cold. "What 's it all about?" I asked him. "Jeez, I don't know," he said. "I was on my way to a bridge game and somebody gave me this. I 've been two hours trying to find some place to put it down." The game itself was almost as half-hearted, but at least one could watch or not, as one chose; the only moral compulsion to cheer was on the undergraduates, who had cheer-leaders to tell them when. Most of the spectators strolled about under the stands from one refreshment booth to another; I was reminded of Lord's. Indeed, the tempo of American football is curiously intermittent, like that of cricket. The biggest excitement in Columbus this last season came from one of the spectators. He had brought with him a flask of rum and coca-cola to keep out the cold and brighten the duller stretches of play, and it burst in his pocket.

Probably basket-ball is a little more exciting for the Englishman, because it is at once more fluid and more theatrical. The floor of the court shines like brown glass under the arc-lights, and the players trip in to take their individual ovations. These ovations are extended to the coaches, who shake their hands over their heads like boxers and grin at the crowd. I remember that, on the night I watched Ohio State play Purdue, there was a particularly high degree of spectator participation. Whenever one of our men fell over, we demanded a foul; whenever one of their men fell, we cheered. When two enormous Buckeyes—Ohio is the Buckeye State—crushed the smallest Purdue player between them like a nut, the recriminations and counter-recriminations of the two coaches were wonderful to see, our cheering and counter-cheering wonderful to hear. On my left, a bellicose man in steel-rimmed spectacles leaned forward in his seat. "Kill him!" he said monotonously. I looked about me for something to throw, and found a paper bag, which bounced ineffectively from the hat of a woman three rows away. "That was my lunch, son," said the bellicose man.

Politically most of the people of Ohio are of the right, yet for some reason they have socialised hard liquor. You have to fill out a form to buy a bottle of gin, and every Saturday night sees a furtive queue, with pencils and slips of paper, at the State Liquor Store. Wine is still in the hands of private enterprise, however, and you can buy it at drug stores, along with shaving lotion and an ice-cream sundæ. Even those wine merchants who sell nothing else lack the mannered and terrifying professionalism of their English counterparts. This is because there are only two kinds of wines, native and "imported," and, although there is a *mystique* of native wines, so far it has been confined to college professors and second-generation captains of industry. The owner of a "Carry-Out" feels that he knows all he needs to know about his stock when he knows its price. "You mean," one said to me, "they have burgundy in *France*, too?"

Some time ago, when I was hitch-hiking to the north of the state, I was picked up by the owner of a battered Chevrolet. The kindness, the frankness and the tremendous courage of so many Ohioans are summed up for me in his person, so he will do to make an end. As I settled myself beside him, he remarked conversationally: "Just got out of jail forty-five minutes ago." It seemed that he had been arrested the night before for reckless driving. Indeed, he had been wrecked, he said, seven times in the last ten years. On the last occasion his wife had been with him. "Course I shouldn't have been on the wrong side of the road," he said, "but that ole bus had no business going ninety miles an hour. Took the door right off my wife's side, the chevvy. Scared her a piece. She don't ride with me now." When eventually he set me down, I watched him weave his way to the west between two trucks, and wondered how soon he might expect wreck number eight. "Good-bye," I murmured, in the words of one of the country's most popular comic strips, "to a great kid!" and turned to thumb my next ride.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

LA LINGERIE

In nightdresses, as in everything else, fashions come and go. Nightdresses may be long, short, straight, full, plain, embroidered and a hundred other things. The conventional nightdress of silk and lace is, however, ever-popular. Here, in white crêpe suzette with white lace, or in blue or pink with écru lace, ribbon-slotted, is such a one, charming and graceful. Price 98s. 6d., from Fenwick's, New Bond Street.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Skjold.

La Lingerie

With changing fashions and improving prices in corsets, it has now become the custom for a woman to have a corset wardrobe, ranging from sports panties and light bras to scientifically-boned evening foundations. This wardrobe is built by trial and error, because the range to choose from is now enormous, and the choice has to be completely personal, both as to the kind of garment needed and the shape and size.

The advice is, as always, invite assistance from someone who really knows the range she is selling, and try on even the tiniest foundation garment. If you have, in the past, bought something which does not fit, and does not do a good job for your figure, cut your losses, scrap it and buy something which is of real value to you.

Another point which is often surprisingly overlooked is that even the stoutest corset needs constant laundering. Perspiration rots the elastic qualities of any foundation garment, and the result is slackness which does nothing to help the figure. With so much nylon about, even the woman with a small corset wardrobe can find belts and bras that will dry in a few hours.

A charming housecoat of taffeta in tiny black-and-white checks, feminine and flowing but tailored and trim, with a wide black taffeta sash, demure collar, big cuffs and a full, full skirt. Sophisticated enough for dinner at home, and comfortable enough to relax in, it comes from Woollands, Knightsbridge, price £11 15s. 0d.

To whittle away a normal waistline to doll-like size : most flattering with a full-skirted evening dress, there is a comfortable but very effective " waspie," skilfully boned and shaped. Made by Roussel, price £2 17s. 6d.

Left : A strapless bra with elastic back and a well-fitting 10-inch belt for a young figure, in crisp, white nylon-taffeta broderie-anglaise. Ideal for laundering, snugly fitting but allowing freedom of movement. Bra about 14s. 11d., and belt about 24s. 9d. Both by English Rose from Selfridges.

Left : Giving a slim waist and a smooth line to the midriff is a strapless basque in black, white or peach nylon, with feather-light boning. Price 39s. 6d., by Gossard, from Dickins and Jones, London; and Kendal Milne, Manchester.

Nothing looks more ugly under a transparent dress than an ill-assorted collection of shoulder-straps. The solution is a cami-bra, made of nylon-ninon and lace, giving good support and looking charming. By Au Fait, price 57s. 6d., from Swan and Edgar.

For a smooth line under slim-fitting dresses, a one-piece controlette in white or black elastic net, with bias-stretch front panels, and embroidered nylon voile bust cups. Detachable shoulder-straps may be worn double or as a halter. Price £6 19s. 6d., by Berlei, from Marshall and Snelgrove.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO *(continued)*

ELEGANT ECONOMY

Crisp cotton for a housecoat which is pretty and packable for holiday wear, and cheerful for breakfast and the early morning hours. In a variety of soft pastel shades, it is available at Peter Jones, Sloane Square, and Caleys of Windsor, price £3 15s. 9d.

THOSE ELUSIVE NYLONS

The nylon situation seems to be fluid. At one time the stocking counters are laden, and the assistants are pressing for sales. This usually is the position when one's own stocking drawer is satisfactorily full. The next week the counters are bare, and nylon enquiries are met with churlish looks. This is always when all one's stockings have run into ladders on the same day.

However, the news for Autumn seems to be more cheering, and we can look forward to finding the nylons we want, without wearing out the ones we already have, in the search.

The chief news is more elasticity, giving longer wear and better fit, a feeling of greater warmth, and a more matt finish.

Charnos introduce their crêpe nylons in service weight, in two sizes only, as the fabric is so elastic that they fit all leg and feet sizes elegantly and comfortably. These stockings are excellent for the country and for general wear for older women.

Aristoc have two new qualities appearing in the market, sheer and semi-sheer stockings made in crinkle nylon, selling as Aristoc Elfina and Aristoc Visheen. The wearing qualities are outstanding, and the crinkle nylon gives an effect similar to crêpe.

Berkshire nylons are producing mesh stockings which are attractively sheer, but really refuse to ladder. These again are ideal for country and general wear, in a large range of "Glow" shades.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Salome

(Odeon, Leicester Square)

HOLLYWOOD'S *Salome* is a zealous but misguided attempt to do two things at the same time; bring Rita Hayworth back to the screen, and set the records straight on one of the most notorious female characters in biblical history.

According to St. Matthew and St. Mark, not to mention Oscar Wilde, Princess Salome of Galilee was, at the best, a willing accomplice in the murder of John the Baptist. According to the writers of the film, Salome was a good girl, who was secretly interested in the new religion, Christianity, and doing her best to help it.

Up to now, it has always been accepted that Salome danced the celebrated Dance of the Seven Veils before Herod, in order to satisfy the whim of her mother, Herodias, for having the Baptist's head served up on a charger. Messrs. Jesse Lasky, Jnr., and Harry Kleiner, who wrote the film story, take quite a different view of the incident. Salome, they suggest, was merely putting in time; distracting Herod, at the risk of a Fate Worse than Death, while her Christian lover (Stewart Granger) was trying to rescue the Baptist from the dungeon.

On account of the sort of entertainment provided for Herod's birthday dinner (acrobats, oriental dancers, flame-swallowers, a programme rather suggestive of a Saturday night's variety on television), she might very well have succeeded. It must have been quite a change for the old man to see his step-daughter turn up in all those Technicolor veils. But before she can discard the last one (she has planned for seven), revealing a modest brassière and trunks, her mother has grown impatient with this rather half-hearted strip-tease, and persuaded Herod to get on with the business.

As history, *Salome* is dubious. As a film spectacle, it is faintly comic. Some members of the audience may go further, and call it nearly blasphemous. Of all the leading actors in the cast—Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson, Basil Sydney—probably the most embarrassed performance is given by Alan Badel as John the Baptist. Mr. Badel was taken all the way from the Old Vic to Hollywood to interpret the rôle; but he might have done it with less trouble and expense on a soapbox at Hyde Park Corner any Sunday afternoon.

Sangaree

(Plaza)

THE fourth of the new 3-D films—the genuinely stereoscopic ones, "deepies" as distinct from "widies"—has come to town. Its title is *Sangaree*, and like its predecessors (*Bwana Devil, Man in the Dark* and *House of Wax*), it has to be looked at through polaroid glasses. From a technical point of view it is almost certainly the best yet. The figures really do stand out, colour has been pleasantly used, and not as many things are hurled at us as usual.

The story chosen to show off this technical accomplishment can hardly be described as remarkable, but it has got enough scope and variety to give the 3-D camera every chance. With some propriety, this "deepie" goes far back into American history, and is all about the Deep South. The time is just after the War of Independence. Sangaree is the name of an estate near Savannah, belonging to the fabulously rich Darby family.

Eccentric old General Darby dies, freakishly leaving the management of his estate and fortune to young Dr. Carlos Morales, the son of an indentured servant. This not surprisingly annoys the General's high-spirited daughter Nancy, not to mention a number of the stiff-back Southern aristocracy. Nancy, a true daughter of the Old South, sets out to fight Dr. Morales so promptly and passionately, that it is plain to the dullest member of the audience that they are destined to end up in each other's arms.

Before this, *Sangaree* gives us piracy, plague, duelling, riding, shooting, river-boating, a society ball, the old plantation, and a tavern brawl in which 3-D enjoys itself hugely; not to speak of the charms of Arlene Dahl ("one of the world's most beautiful women") and the stripped torso of handsome Fernando Lamas. It is nothing if not generous. It even caters for the serious-minded, with quite an interesting anticipation of the modern Health Service. But the 3-D is the thing.

Innocents In Paris

(Now released)

THE title of this British film, written and produced by Anatole de Grunwald, gives a pretty clear idea of the sort of amusement we may expect from it.

Mr. de Grunwald has worked (some may think, overworked) the old gag about an English visitor's week-end in Gay Paree. He gathers a 'plane-load of assorted characters, all strangers to one another, at London Airport, and sets them down at Le Bourget, whence they go about their various occupations.

There is a senior Treasury official (Alastair Sim), representing the United Kingdom at an International Economics Conference on Insolvency. There is an elderly battle-axe of a village spinster (Margaret Rutherford, and *what* a rustle of welcome runs through the theatre when she makes her appearance) whose hobby is sketching, and who is making a pilgrimage to the Louvre to see the Mona Lisa. There is a romantic young lady (Claire Bloom) and a calculating gold-digger (Mara Lane); a young Scots window-dresser in a kilt (James Copeland); a sporting-man (Jimmy Edwards) interested in the racing at Longchamp; and a Marine bandsman (Ronald Shiner), whose official job is to beat the drum at the unveiling of a statue to Lord Byron.

In Paris all these characters find some *vis-à-vis*, and the film passes quickly, and with calculation, from one sort of incident to another. One minute it is sentimental, the next sardonic, the next farcical; and although there is nothing very new about any of the situations, it does well, I think, in controlling and presenting so many talents, and keeping its mixed team together.

The funniest scenes involve Alastair Sim, as a conscientious man faced with the inadequacies of a travel allowance which he himself has helped to fix. His encounters with a Russian opposite number are genuinely amusing, and the final stroke, with which he brushes away the Customs officer at London Airport, who wants to know what has happened to the personal valuables he declared on leaving the country, is fine. Of the other players, the most satisfying seems to me the newcomer James Copeland, a recruit from that wonderful training-school of actors, the Citizens Theatre, Glasgow. Many a more experienced screen-artist would have made the part of this particular kilted innocent seem either absurd or priggish. Mr. Copeland finds the exact balance between comedy and gravity, and does honour to Scotland, the audience, the producer and himself.

People Who Matter

PROFESSOR T. POMFRET KILNER—THE PLASTIC SURGEON.

IN a few weeks visitors to Oxford will witness the beginning of a building to accommodate the academic activities of the professorial department of Plastic Surgery of the University of Oxford, at the Churchill Hospital, and one puzzled, shy, monosyllabic little man's dream will have come partly true. The holder of the first Chair of Plastic Surgery in Great Britain, and probably in Europe—at the University of Oxford—is the square-jawed, clear-thinking Professor Pomfret Kilner, C.B.E., M.A., M.B., Ch.B., B.S., L.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.(Eng.). The abbreviated list of his appointments, honours round the world, some writings, occupies nearly a column in "Who's Who." Professor Kilner will be leaving the glorified Nissen hut he has graced from 1945, a year after the foundation by Lord Nuffield's munificence of the Chair in 1944. From all parts of the world surgeons and post-graduate specialists come to work in the Kilner school, watch the selected Kilner team in the Churchill Hospital, read the team's records in the Nissen hut. They may also call near by to see the Professor at the end of imposing gardens tinkering with the family cars, and his minute Irish wife pouring out tea, unperturbed by the multiplicity of languages used by the foreign guests at the Kilner schloss. Surgeons were surprised when a man who was already long-famous left Harley Street, to assume the professorship. They were again astonished that the professor, known to surgeons in every hospital in the world, seemed to preserve his patience while waiting a year for accommodation, a place where to heal and demonstrate. Had he not begun plastic surgery in Sidcup, Kent, immediately after World War I. and continued, with miracles that went round the globe, when that service was transferred to Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton. From 1936 till 1948 he was consulting plastic surgeon at St. Thomas's, London, where he has now been a member of the Board of Governors for five years. By courtesy Professor Kilner secured two wards at the Churchill, providing forty-one beds, where I have seen grateful, spellbound patients unable to express thanks to the man who has restored flesh where faces have been burnt or disfigured by injuries in war or accidents in peace. The hundreds of children with hare-lips, cleft palates and other congenital deformities will remember the kindly uncle who has treated them for twenty-five years in the Lord Mayor Treloar Hospital, Alton. Wet or fine, Nazi raids or quiet nights, the mature Rolls-Royce would be seen swinging into the grounds with the man of mercy wearing curious half-lens glasses at the wheel. Honorary consultant in plastic surgery to the Army, operating weekly at the Radcliffe Infirmary, at Stoke Mandeville, and elsewhere, Professor Kilner is not treated lightly even by the experienced double F.R.C.S.s or staid sisters and nurses. Trends towards slipshod work or casual writing of notes are corrected smartly, and in a gentle voice that can, however, be reminiscent of a golf course. Patients think of him as the man who has brought sunshine into lives that would otherwise be spent in painful embarrassment, or behind closed doors. He has led thousands of them into daylight. Now, at long last, the pioneer professor is to be given a place of work in keeping with the dignity of a pioneer professorship.—G.B.

Don't let your trousers let you down!

Nothing looks worse than baggy trousers. Nothing is more unnecessary. A pair of **SPHERE** Elastic Braces, resilient and long-wearing, will give a better line and hold-up to your trousers. Your hosier stocks **SPHERE** Braces. Ask for them by name.

UNDER CONTROL BY *Sphere* BRACES

SPHERE SUSPENDERS · BRACES · BELTS AND GARTERS STAND PRE-EMINENT

FAIRE BROS & CO. LIMITED · RUTLAND STREET · LEICESTER

A.3088

For a winning round

Make yours a winning round by calling for "Black & White". Blended in the special "Black & White" way it is Scotch at its very best.

'BLACK & WHITE' SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment to the late King George VI.

Scotch Whisky Distillers James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

"Walk up, walk up!... Madam, may I interest you in this tasteful tea-cosy emblazoned with the Flags of All Nations or a Coronation trumpet for your little boy? ...Perhaps you'd prefer a nice refreshing glass of Rose's Lime Juice—astonishing value... Hawkins—shop! Two Rose's for the lady! And before I dry up altogether fill that calabash donated by the Colonel!"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

makes thirst worth while

LONG OR SHORT—PLAIN OR WITH GIN

ROSE'S FRUIT SQUASHES: Orange, Lemon, Grapefruit. Made from finest fruit juices Rose's Squashes are delicious and economical for long or short drinks. *At all good grocers and wine merchants.*

For friends at home and overseas . . .

. . . a subscription to The SKETCH makes a splendid long-lasting gift and it's so easy to give! A short note, the name and address of your friend (home or overseas) and our publisher will do the rest.

Subscription rates for 12 months	*Home:* £3 . 0 . 0 *Overseas:* £3 . 0 . 0 *Canada:* £2 . 19 . 0

Please address communications to: The Publisher, The SKETCH, Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Mediterranean Sunshine

at attractive reduced rates without foreign currency.

Send for new full-colour booklet on

MALTA

and

HOTEL PHOENICIA

Malta Travel Bureau *(GERrard 6477)*
24 Golden Square, London, W.1
(or any other Travel Agent)

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD, 84 BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON W1

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

RE-INHIBITATING CENTRE

Schweppshire shows the Way—5

The Story of the Psychological Wing of the Middleschweppes Hospital illustrates Schweppshire's ability to progress beyond progress.

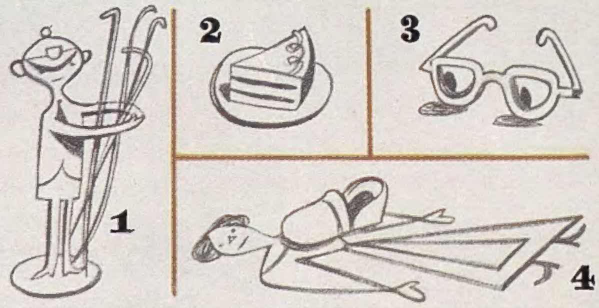
EARLY DAYS. Middleschweppes was the first to prove that Freud was not, in fact, Freud at all, but existent as a buried personality-wish.

FIRST FRUITS. The Middleschweppes psychoanalyst squad perfects its techniques and psychoanalyses more psycho-analytically than any other psycho-analysts anywhere.

COURTING DISASTER. Complete and universal psycho-analysis irons everybody so completely flat that it is impossible to tell the difference between people except by labels.

A CRISIS AVERTED. Boldly progressive once more, the crisis is met by de-psycho-analysis, employing the now familiar methods of re-inhibitation, repacking the subconscious, complexing up, and making everybody tremendously different again without exactly knowing why. Note, in the *BEFORE* (bottom right of main picture), the absolutely ordinary. *AFTER* (top left) the absolute un-ordinary or different.

"COMPLEXO" OUTFIT for DE-PSYCHO-ANALYSIS



1. A Schoolboy (for bullying). 2. Large Helping (for restoring the Freudian Nightmare). 3. A Dominant Father. 4. A Sub-Dominant Mother.

Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Wednesday, July 29, 1953. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879. Postage Rates:—Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 2½d.